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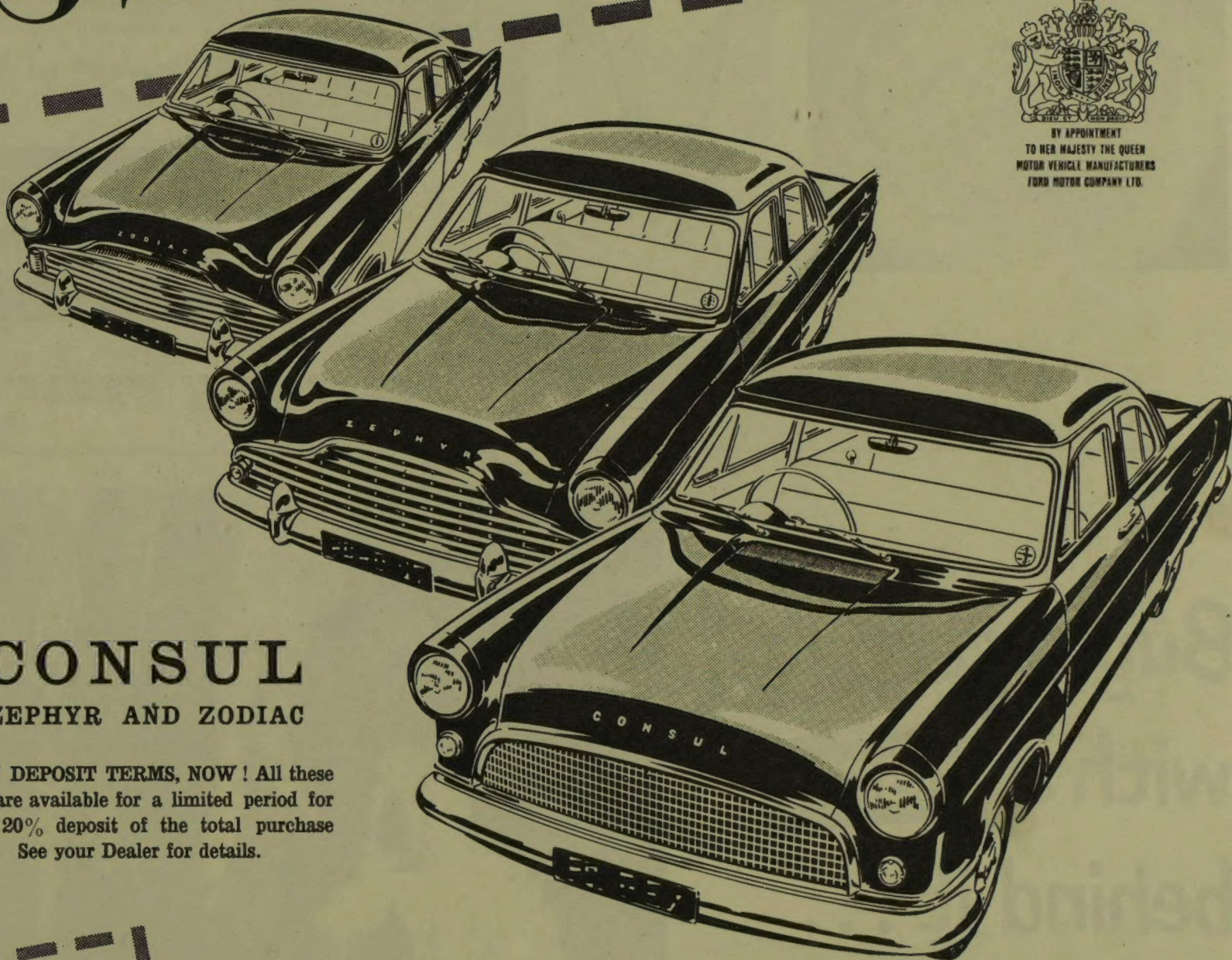
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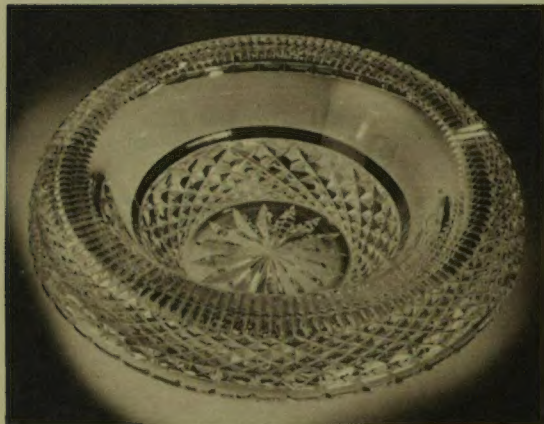
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MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK: SHE'S CRAWLED AROUND THE WORLD

World-champion channel swimmer. Miss Chadwick has logged 25 000 miles in the water — equal to the distance around the world. Using the American crawl, she's bested Gibraltar Strait, the Dardanelles, the Catalina Channel, the English Channel (both ways) — feats that defeat muscular males. Yet she's no amazon: adores clothes, owns 80 pairs of shoes.

Constantly on the go, Miss Chadwick finds relaxation easy on Lockheed luxury liners. These smooth-flying giants have deep lounge chairs, distinguished decor, tranquil quiet. Little wonder 22 world airlines — and experienced air travelers everywhere — choose Super Constellations.

This year (perhaps to find new channels to swim), Miss Chadwick will fly to Europe aboard the New, even faster, longer-range Lockheed luxury liner (Model 1649) . . . via AIR FRANCE.



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1957.



WHERE THE DAILY LIFE OF THE WORKERS IN THE FIELDS ONCE MORE MEANS CEASELESS VIGILANCE AGAINST EGYPTIAN FEDAYEEN: A GIRL SENTRY IN THE WATCHTOWER OF AN ISRAELI FARM SETTLEMENT NEAR GAZA.

With the entry of the Egyptian General Abdul Latif and his staff into Gaza to take over the civil administration of the town, and the reported news that about 600 troops of Egyptian army reconnaissance units had been moved near to the southern end of the Gaza Strip, anxiety mounted in Israel and the feeling grew that she had been "let down" by the United Nations. Elsewhere in this issue we record the return of military precautions in the Israeli settlements near the Gaza border. Israel regards the Egyptian moves "with extreme gravity" as a first step "in Nasser's plan to transform the Gaza area into a base for fedayeen warfare against Israel." On March 15

Mrs. Meir, the Israeli Foreign Secretary, left for Washington by air to ask President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles how they proposed to redeem their undertakings to Israel, notably "that the withdrawal by Israel of her forces from the Gaza Strip would be followed by greater tranquillity in the Middle East." It is understood that the United Nations forces in Gaza have been stationed on the border between the Gaza Strip and Israel. After the attack by Egyptian demonstrators on the U.N. H.Q. in Gaza, in which an Arab was reported to have lost his life, it transpired that the U.N. forces have standing orders forbidding soldiers to fire except in self-defence.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE "serpent of old Nile"—rather a noisy serpent as serpents go—seems to be running true to form, for at the time of writing this he has announced his intention of breaking through the gossamer web of peace which the United Nations Organisation and its temporising Secretary-General have so laboriously created between him and his intended victim, Israel, and of reassuming immediate control of the Gaza Strip, obviously with the intention of launching a new campaign of murder-raids across the Israeli frontier. Personally I have never expected any other response from the Egyptian Dictator, whose words and actions invariably and inevitably symbolise both the nature of all military demagogic dictatorships and the national character of the State he rules—viewed, that is, from the national, rather than the personal aspect, for Egyptians are infinitely more reasonable, humane and pacific as individuals than in their corporate capacity. But from the point of view of an American or of those British politicians and publicists who so violently condemned Sir Anthony Eden and his Government for their realist, if belatedly realist, attitude last November towards this modern Mussolini, the latest development in the interminable Middle East imbroglio must seem very disappointing. However, those who insist on preferring ideals and hopes to unpleasant realities and on shutting their eyes to the latter—an Anglo-Saxon attitude common enough on both sides of the Atlantic—are bound to meet with disappointments, and even Mr. Dulles, one would have thought, must by now be coming to realise the fact. The walk to the Paradise Gardens is, as always, proving a rather melancholy affair.

No doubt, by the time these lines appear there will be further, and probably unpleasant, developments in the long, sorry Egyptian-Israeli story. But that Nasser will have turned into a good democrat ready to "play the game" by democratic rules—the hope formerly of Sir Anthony Eden and, I believe, of Mr. Gaitskell, and still, at the time of writing, of good Mr. Secretary Dulles and his almost superhumanly patient President—I cannot believe. The sabre-rattling Colonel and his entourage are committed to two propositions: the extinction of the Israelite State—and by inevitable implication the massacre of its people—and the foundation of an Arab Empire ruled by Egypt and its military junta. The two are closely interdependent, for, owing to the proved inefficiency and lack of martial prowess of Nasser's Army, the Egyptians have no chance of destroying Israel without the help of Egypt's fellow Arab States and nations or, as a result of their recent humiliating defeat at Israel's hands, of regaining the leadership of the Arab world without a triumphant entry into Tel-Aviv and Haifa. Indeed, the loudly-proclaimed return to Gaza, from which Nasser's troops were driven three months ago with such ludicrous ease by their intended victims, is obviously intended as a first step to this end.

In other words, I am convinced, as I think most thinking Britons now are, that Anthony Eden was right in supposing that there could be no solution of the Middle East problem so long as Nasser ruled Egypt as a military dictator. Whether the sudden, dramatic and, as I have always felt, belated steps he took to avert war at that time were calculated to achieve this other end is, of course, a matter of dispute. They have certainly not done so up to date, though another forty-eight hours of military pressure last November would almost certainly have seen the tyrant's fall from power. But, it was argued at the time, this would also have seen the collapse of the United Nations Organisation and, as a result, the end of mankind's best hope of averting a disastrous third World War. Yet the price paid for leaving Nasser on his pistol-packing throne, and so preserving the face and nominal unity of the United Nations—the weakening of Britain's position in the

world and the liquidation of her traditional police and peace-preserving functions in the Eastern Hemisphere—may well prove both to have brought that calamity nearer and, by revealing their ultimate impotence, to have made the collapse of the United Nations certain. For if Nasser is now permitted to resume his drive on Tel-Aviv and fighting breaks out again in Palestine, which in that event it is almost certain to do, the United Nations will be hopelessly discredited in the eyes of every reasonable and discerning man, and the day of Armageddon will be very much nearer. Unless the fatal march of events in the Middle East is halted by resolute leadership and action by those who have the power to give it, disaster to mankind may be imminent.

One most dangerous result of what happened last autumn is the belief—widespread through the East—that because Britain, having captured Port Said, subsequently withdrew at the request of the United Nations without having obtained any of the safeguards to her vital oil supplies and global communications, for which she had previously and rightly been asking,

British military power has ceased to be a factor in world affairs. This is a profound and, as I believe, highly perilous miscalculation. Because of her persistent failure in the past century to develop and populate her sister British nations beyond the oceans, Britain, or, rather, Greater Britain, is for the time being inferior both in population and developed, though not potential, resources to the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Yet the population of Greater Britain, without counting Britain's fast-vanishing Colonial Empire and the non-European member-States of the Commonwealth, is now over 80,000,000—greater than the population of Germany in 1939—while its global strategic position, rightly used, is superior to that of either of the two opposing giants who in the common imagination straddle the world. And united and mobilised for war, the peoples of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Rhodesia are, it may be argued,

man for man a match for any given number of fighting men on earth. Certainly in 1940, which is only seventeen years ago, at a time when everyone else supposed them to be helpless, they saved mankind from a conquering martial power more formidable than either Moscow or Washington can to-day command. The hatred of the British people for war and their intense desire to save themselves and mankind from the senseless calamity of atomic self-destruction ought not to blind others to the fact that, driven into a corner or, as is far more probable, aligned in defence of what they have come as a free people to believe to be just, they would fight with all their ancient tenacity, resolution and self-sacrifice, and fight to the death. Eastern and Near-Eastern statesmen, who in their hatred of what they deem "colonialism" ignore this, are making a most perilous miscalculation. So are Washington administrators and Moscow autocrats. Two things are certain: that the British nation, both in this island and overseas—for though politically it is many, in the last emotional resort it is still one—will never allow the Jewish State, to which it so reluctantly and painfully gave birth, to be destroyed by force, and that, faced by starvation and economic bankruptcy by a blockade of its global communications, it would fight for its legitimate rights against whatever odds were opposed to it. There are plenty of British spokesmen, both political and literary, who may give the world a contrary impression. But when—and if—the day of testing comes, such voices will count no more than they did in 1914 and 1940. Indeed, if history is any guide, the words that have misled others will be ignored or repudiated by those who uttered them, and the "three corners of the world in arms" will find, as always, that "England to herself do rest but true."

THE MEETING PLACE FOR MR. MACMILLAN AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.



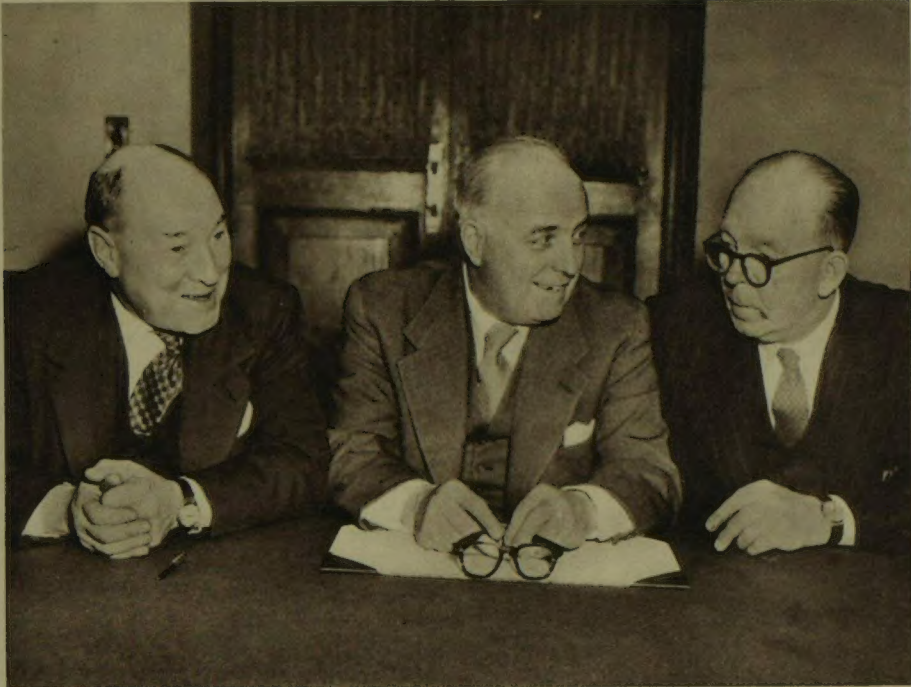
THE VENUE FOR THE TALKS BETWEEN MR. MACMILLAN AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: A VIEW OF THE MID-OCEAN CLUB IN BERMUDA. IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN ONE OF THE GREENS OF THE CLUB'S GOLF COURSE.

The meeting place chosen for the talks between the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, and President Eisenhower is the Mid-Ocean Club in Bermuda, where in 1953 President Eisenhower held talks with Sir Winston Churchill and M. Laniel, the then French Prime Minister. Both the President and Mr. Macmillan were expected to play golf on the course at the Club.

INDUSTRIAL UNREST: THE SHIPBUILDING STRIKE AND OTHER CRISES.



THREE OF THE UNION LEADERS: (L. TO R.) MR. W. J. CARRON (PRESIDENT OF THE A.E.U.), MR. E. J. HILL (GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE BOILERMAKERS' SOCIETY) AND MR. J. R. SCOTT (CHAIRMAN OF THE RAILWAY SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE CONFEDERATION OF SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING UNIONS).



AT A MEETING ON MARCH 12: (L. TO R.) MR. CARRON, MR. H. G. BROTHERTON (PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATION OF SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING UNIONS) AND MR. GAVIN MARTIN (GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE CONFEDERATION).



JUST AFTER THE BEGINNING OF THE STRIKE ON MARCH 16: THE NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER *EMPRESS OF ENGLAND* LEAVING TYNESIDE FOR HER SEA TRIALS.



AT AN OPEN-AIR MEETING AT LIVERPOOL ON MARCH 17: SOME OF THE 22,000 MERSEYSIDE SHIPYARD WORKERS WHO HAD BEEN CALLED OUT ON STRIKE.



SIR WILFRED NEDEN, THE CHIEF INDUSTRIAL COMMISSIONER, WHOSE EFFORTS TO AVERT THE STRIKE CONTINUED UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT.



AFTER THEIR MEETING WITH THE MINISTER OF LABOUR ON MARCH 13: OFFICERS OF THE SHIPBUILDING EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION, THEN READY TO ACCEPT ARBITRATION.



A STRONG SPOKESMAN FOR THE EMPLOYERS: MR. B. MACARTY, DIRECTOR OF THE SHIPBUILDING EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION.

Despite every effort on the part of the Government to achieve conciliation in the dispute between the shipbuilding unions and employers over a 10 per cent. wage increase claim, the strike of some 200,000 shipyard workers in all parts of the United Kingdom began at noon on March 16. However, the stoppage in this vital and successful industry was immediately overshadowed by the threat of a much more widespread stoppage in the engineering industry as a whole. Here the pay dispute—also over the rejection of a 10 per cent. claim—affects nearly 3,000,000 workers. The officers of the Confederation

of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, which has charge of both disputes, were to decide on March 19 whether a national stoppage or a system of "guerrilla" shut-downs was to be enforced when the strike begins to-day (March 23). At the time of writing, the Minister of Labour was again making every effort to avert this disastrous stoppage. It was reported on March 18 that the Prime Minister was to make an appeal to both sides in the dispute. Meanwhile, leaders of the National Union of Railwaymen met in London to discuss their 10 per cent. pay claim, on which a tribunal award was due.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY TRIUMPH; THE BOAT RACE; AND OTHER EVENTS.



IN LONDON: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. LENNOX-BOYD (RIGHT), GREETING MR. LIM YEW HOCK, CHIEF MINISTER OF SINGAPORE, AT THE OPENING OF THE SINGAPORE CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE.



AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, LONDON: THE PRINCESS ROYAL BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF SHAMROCK AT A SPECIAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE OF THE 1st BATTALION, IRISH GUARDS. THE PRINCESS ROYAL THEN PRESENTED SHAMROCK.



OXFORD TRY OUT THE AMERICAN RIG: K. L. MASON (STROKE) ADJUSTING HIS BLADE IN THE NEW STYLE OUTRIGGER, WHICH HAS TWO STAYS INSTEAD OF THE USUAL FIVE.

The 1957 University Boat Race on March 30 may well prove to be the most important rowing event for many years. For the Oxford crew this year are experimenting with the American rig, although they are not attempting to reproduce what is generally regarded as the American style of rowing.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE CREW: (L. TO R.) STANDING: M. H. BARTLETT (RADLEY AND PETERHOUSE), R. J. M. THOMPSON (RADLEY AND PEMBROKE), T. P. A. NORMAN (ETON AND TRINITY), J. R. MEADOWS (YALE AND JESUS), C. J. PUMPHREY (WINCHESTER AND MAGDALENE). SITTING: J. A. PITCHFORD (TONBRIDGE AND CHRIST'S), M. G. DELAHOOKE (U.C.S. AND JESUS; PRESIDENT), I. C. F. S. CLAYRE (DEAN CLOSE AND QUEENS'; STROKE). ON GROUND: R. C. MILTON (HARVARD AND EMMANUEL; COX).



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE CREW: (L. TO R.) STANDING: S. F. A. MISKIN (ST. PAUL'S AND UNIVERSITY), A. H. STEARNS (BEDFORD AND MERTON), P. F. BARNARD (ETON AND CHRIST CHURCH), R. L. HOWARD (SHREWSBURY AND WORCESTER), G. SORRELL (ST. PAUL'S AND CHRIST CHURCH). SITTING: R. BARRETT (ST. EDWARD'S AND PEMBROKE), R. CARNEGIE (GEELONG, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY AND NEW COLLEGE; PRESIDENT), K. L. MASON (K.C.S. WIMBLEDON, AND QUEEN'S; STROKE). ON GROUND: ARSHAD SAID (PESHAWAR UNIVERSITY AND PEMBROKE; COX).



ENGLAND'S TRIUMPHANT RUGBY XV, WHICH ON MARCH 16 WON THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP, THE TRIPLE CROWN AND THE CALCUTTA CUP. Top row, left to right: J. Butterfield, W. P. C. Davies, P. H. Thompson, R. W. D. Marques, J. D. Currie, P. G. D. Robbins, C. R. Jacobs, R. Challis. Seated (l. to r.): P. B. Jackson, G. W. Hastings, E. Evans (captain), A. Ashcroft, R. Higgins. Bottom row (l. to r.): R. M. Bartlett and R. E. G. Jeeps. At Twickenham on March 16, before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, this English side beat Scotland 16-3 in a brilliant open game to win the triple honours.



ENGLAND'S RUGBY CAPTAIN, ERIC EVANS, CHAIRED OFF THE GROUND AFTER ENGLAND'S BRILLIANT VICTORY OVER SCOTLAND AT TWICKENHAM.



DISASTER 400 YARDS FROM THE RUNWAY : THE SCENE NEAR RINGWAY AIRPORT, MANCHESTER, AFTER THE CRASH INTO A HOUSING ESTATE OF A B.E.A. *Viscount* AIRLINER WITH THE LOSS OF TWENTY-TWO LIVES.

In the early afternoon of March 14, the "Discovery," which was the flagship of the British European Airways' fleet of Vickers *Viscount* airliners, crashed on to the Wythenshawe housing estate at the edge of Ringway Airport as it came in to land. The fifteen passengers and the crew of five were killed, as were a mother and her young son in one of the two houses which were entirely demolished. The aircraft, which was flying to Manchester from Amsterdam, was making "a perfectly normal and copybook approach" when it veered, struck the ground and hurtled on across Shadow Moss Road before crashing into the houses. There was an explosion and the wreckage and the houses blazed furiously. Within minutes fire engines and rescue teams were on the scene of the disaster. This was the first major fatal accident to a *Viscount* since this turbo-prop aircraft was introduced on B.E.A.'s routes in 1953, and it was also the first to any B.E.A. aircraft for

over four years. On the day after the accident the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation announced in the House of Commons that there was to be a "very searching public inquiry" into the crash, which had caused further anxiety among residents near airports about the risk of low-flying aircraft. Some of the residents of the Wythenshawe estate had already been campaigning against low flying. As a precautionary measure, an investigation was started on the flap-operating mechanism of all twenty-six *Viscount* 701's in the B.E.A. fleet, which were withdrawn from service with the result that a number of flights were cancelled. At the time of writing, however, some eight of the aircraft had already been cleared. This accident has made a tragic break in the *Viscount's* notable safety record. B.E.A.'s total with *Viscounts* has been approximately 150,000 flying hours, during which nearly 2,000,000 passengers have been carried.

OPENING Roget's "Thesaurus" for aid in expressing my sentiments about the state of affairs in the Gaza Strip, I found the following ten adjectives in a row: absurd, nonsensical, preposterous, egregious, senseless, inconsistent, ridiculous, extravagant, quibbling, futile. I felt grateful to Roget for providing exactly what I wanted. The United Nations, the United States leading the way, have evicted Israel from the territory. They have sent in an armed force to keep the peace, of which one contingent, the Yugoslav, has already packed up because its Government did not wish it to carry out police duties which might be unwelcome to Egypt. Colonel Nasser has announced his intention of taking over the administration and United Nations Headquarters has, in principle, accepted an Egyptian administrative Governor.

A certain pained surprise has been created by these events, but they should not be found surprising. The United Nations did not really take over the Gaza Strip. *The Times* remarks that it "shirked its duty" in failing to do so. If it was unwilling to assume responsibility after the Israelis had yielded to the threats of the United States and had marched out, then, in logic, the rights of Egypt under the original armistice were restored. Colonel Nasser's quick mind grasped this fact at once. One may argue that the United Nations has been needlessly obsequious to Egypt and that Dr. Bunche's kow-tow was too dramatic, but these are side issues. The main ones are a little below the surface.

It is the United States, rather than the United Nations, which has been the prime mover in the recent happenings. Almost unnoticed over here, a new form of isolationism has made its appearance in that country. Feeling more secure than before in its individual strength, it wishes to stand more aloof from the bickering of the outside world. At the same time, public opinion is inspired by high moral principles in international affairs and is by no means unwilling that these should be proclaimed to the world. The President, who is now directing American foreign policy to a far greater extent than Mr. Dulles, has found a formula which suits the country and combines both these aims.

Prickly problems which can be transferred to the United Nations are handed over to its charge. The authority of the organisation is then supported by the President in the highest moral terms. If matters go well, the people of the United States, or that section of it which takes an interest in such matters, have a comfortable feeling that the prestige of the United States has coached and inspired the United Nations along the right path. If matters do not go well, at least the United States is not directly responsible for the failure and its prestige is not seriously involved. This is not a sound policy, because the United Nations is not united enough, or, indeed, politically honest enough, to make a success of situations such as that on the Egyptian-Israeli frontier. The policy may not last, because it may come to be considered not only make-believe, but against American interests.

I have simplified, as one always has to in dealing with such a theme, but I am confident that my interpretation is close to the mark. I also feel that Roget's adjectives are not too strong to describe the present state of affairs. Colonel Nasser has not at the time of writing demanded the withdrawal of the United Nations

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MORE MUDDLE IN THE GAZA STRIP.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Emergency Force, but he may well do so. Israel has formally reserved her freedom of action in the event of the Egyptians returning to the Gaza Strip, and stated that, if she acts, it will be without prior notice. The effectiveness of the United Nations Emergency Force is a matter for serious



CLOUDS OF TEAR-GAS AROUND THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES IN GAZA, WHICH HAD TO BE USED TO DISPEL A MOB OF ORGANISED ARAB DEMONSTRATORS.



RINGLEADERS OF AN ARAB DEMONSTRATION STRUGGLING WITH MEN OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES AT GAZA ON MARCH 10—THE DAY BEFORE COLONEL NASSER APPOINTED AN EGYPTIAN GOVERNOR OF THE TOWN.

On March 10 a large and organised mob of Arab demonstrators gathered in Gaza and attempted to storm the police headquarters. Norwegian and Danish troops of the United Nations forces had to fire warning shots over the heads of the crowd, which had got out of hand; and tear-gas was used to dispel the demonstrators. These demonstrators were demanding the immediate return of the Egyptian administration to Gaza. On the following day the Egyptian Government announced without preamble that it proposed to resume administration of the Gaza Strip and stated that General Abdul Latif had been appointed Governor. He arrived in Gaza on March 14, as reported elsewhere in this issue.

doubt, certainly as regards the checking of Egyptian guerrilla war on Israel. Fresh risks of a flare-up have appeared.

My estimate of Colonel Nasser last week was written before he had announced his intention of taking over the administration of the Gaza Strip immediately, and may have appeared inappropriate to the circumstances. If, however, it was correct in essentials, it was not unpromising even in the light of the new development. He blocked the Suez Canal in an almost Hitlerian desperation,

but the portrait does not suggest that he will imitate Hitler in trying to bring down in utter ruin one of the mainstays of Egypt's economic life, should his projects be balked. However the future of the Canal is settled, its use as a waterway is a great asset to Egypt. Its disuse has represented a serious loss to her. Colonel Nasser

must know that the maritime countries and the oil companies have been considering measures to lessen dependence upon it.

This may serve as a restraining influence. It may also, supposing that he proves recalcitrant in other matters, provide a useful brake—that is, if the power and the courage to apply it are united. It is rash to make prophecies about Colonel Nasser's future action. A coup at Gaza would not be beyond him if he believed he could escape the rightful consequences. Yet even if the United Nations were to take a coup lying down, even if it were to allow its Emergency Force to be turned out, Israel would take nothing lying down. Mr. Ben-Gurion's announcement can only mean that Israel would mobilise again—and she has shown how swiftly she can set her forces in motion. If she did not, the Ben-Gurion Government would probably be replaced by one more adventurous.

Is it also rash to hope that Colonel Nasser's conduct and attitude will serve as an educative influence? It may seem so in view of past history, but education is a matter of progression, and the State Department cannot be described as slow in picking up the essentials of the problems which unfold themselves. It must realise that, though the moment is one of danger, it is, at the same time, one of opportunity. If that were allowed to slip and the Middle East were to be thrown into fresh turmoil, the prospects of pacification, of stability, of the adjustment of frontiers, above all, of a solution of the moribund problem of the refugees, would be worse than they are now.

Behind all this stands Russia. We know well enough what her Middle East programme is. It is to stir up fanaticism and every sort of trouble with the ultimate object of depriving the West of the use of the Middle East oilfields. What we do not know is how far she

is prepared to go, what risks she is prepared to take, to carry out that programme. In any case, this is likely to depend upon the attitude of the West, and in particular of the United States. Inertness on her part would in all likelihood create a more positive and aggressive policy in the Kremlin. Barring such a calamity, it does not appear that Russia will for some time to come go beyond the policy she pursued in the Middle East before the Anglo-French intervention in Egypt.

I have ended on a rather more optimistic note than that on which I began, yet I am aware that this article may seem unduly querulous. Looking back over the last six months or more, however, no reflective observer can fail to conclude that the handling of Middle

Eastern affairs has been marked by a series of blunders and muddles. Resolutions have been abandoned at the least opportune moments; old friends and allies have tripped each other up; insouciance has alternated with pusillanimity; verdicts have been given which do not represent impartial justice. It is a sorry story. But surely it is not going to continue indefinitely. If this occurs, it will be the free nations themselves that will be the creators of their own misfortunes.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



EAST BERLIN, GERMANY. MARSHAL ZHUKOV (LEFT) AND GENERAL W. STOPH ADDING SIGNATURES TO A TREATY ON THE STATUS OF RUSSIAN TROOPS IN GERMANY. On March 12 in the House of Ministries, East Berlin, a treaty was signed by Dr. Bolz, the East German Foreign Minister, and Mr. Gromyko (seen in the photograph below the symbol) regulating the status of the Russian troops in East Germany.



JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA. AFRICAN WORKERS WALKING THE NINE MILES HOME FROM WORK IN THE CONTINUING BOYCOTT OF BUS SERVICES. The boycott of workers' buses by African workers in South Africa, and particularly in Johannesburg, is in essence a protest against the economic consequences of *apartheid*, which compels the African worker to live at a distance from his work.



GAZA. GENERAL ABDUL LATIF (STANDING IN CAR) GREETING THE CROWDS LINING THE GAZA STREETS AS HE DROVE IN ON MARCH 14, AFTER APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR.



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA. AT THE OPENING ON MARCH 8 OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE S.E.A.T.O. MILITARY ADVISERS. SEATED, CENTRE, SIR PHILIP MCBRIDE. The sixth conference of the military advisers of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation was opened by the Australian Minister for Defence, Sir Philip McBride, on March 8. The secret three-day talks, attended by Lord Home and Mr. Dulles, opened on March 11.



GAZA. NORWEGIAN AND DANISH TROOPS OF UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY FORCES OUTSIDE THEIR H.Q. WITH A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIRE.



GAZA. GENERAL ABDUL LATIF (CENTRE), THE NEWLY-APPOINTED EGYPTIAN GOVERNOR OF GAZA, ADDRESSING A PRESS CONFERENCE AFTER HIS ARRIVAL. General Latif, who took up his duties as Governor of Gaza on March 14, is said to have appealed to the people of the territory to give the United Nations Emergency Force their full co-operation and to remain calm and resume work.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



FINLAND. A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN TWO EXPRESS TRAINS IN A BLIZZARD: RESCUERS AT WORK AFTER THE CRASH NEAR TAMPERE ON MARCH 15.

At least 24 people were killed and 51 injured when two express trains, going at full speed on a single-line track, collided head-on near Tampere, in south-west Finland. Sleighs carried casualties across snow-covered fields to ambulances on a road half a mile away. This was thought to have been Finland's worst peacetime crash.



CUBA. CONTROLLED BY THE REBELS FOR A SHORT TIME DURING THE BRIEF REBELLION AGAINST PRESIDENT BATISTA: A COMMERCIAL RADIO STATION.

During the brief rebellion against President Batista in Havana on March 13 a commercial wireless station "Radio Relog" was attacked and, according to reports, the rebels forced an announcer at gunpoint to broadcast that General Batista was dead and that the Army had rebelled and thrown out its commander.



OHIO, U.S.A. A NEW U.S. ARMY TYPE OF MINE DETECTOR, MOUNTED ON A JEEP. THE DETECTOR-HEAD, WHICH CAN BE MOVED TO EITHER SIDE, AUTOMATICALLY STOPS THE CAR ON FINDING A BURIED MINE.



SWITZERLAND. PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO, PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE THEIR LAUSANNE HOTEL, AT THE BEGINNING OF A SHORT HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND. THE BABY PRINCESS CAROLINE REMAINED IN MONACO.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. AN AUTOMATIC RADIATION DETECTOR WHICH ANSWERS TWELVE QUESTIONS AND HELPS TO PROTECT THE HEALTH OF WORKERS AT THE HANFORD ATOMIC PLANT.

This new machine, developed by General Electric Company engineers, answers in 15 seconds twelve significant questions concerning alpha, beta and gamma radiations, both detecting the radiations and establishing their strength and area.



WESTERN GERMANY. HOW TO LOOK AT THE WARHEAD OF A GUIDED MISSILE: A HUGE HOIST SERVING PLATFORM DISPLAYED WITH A CORPORAL MISSILE DURING A U.S. EXHIBITION OF WEAPONS AT BAUMHOLDER, IN GERMANY. WEST GERMAN TROOPS WERE PRESENT.



BELGIUM. A SABENA HELICOPTER SERVICE BETWEEN BRUSSELS AND PARIS INAUGURATED: THE INITIAL FLIGHT ON MARCH 3.

A Sabena helicopter service between Brussels and Paris was inaugurated on March 3. Above are seen some of the eight helicopters at the start of the initial flight from the Allée Verte heliport, in Brussels. The photograph reproduced in our issue of March 9 on page 397 did not, as we stated, show one of these Sabena helicopters.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)
PENNSYLVANIA,
U.S.A. PAUL REVERE
RIDES AGAIN, FROM
BOSTON TO PHILA-
DELPHIA, TO MARK,
ON THIS OCCASION,
THE OPENING OF THE
NEW SHERATON
HOTEL IN THE LATTER
CITY.
Photograph, Candid by
Bachrach.



(Right.)
EGYPT. YOUTHFUL
ENTHUSIASM FOR
COLONEL NASSER:
STUDENTS APPLAUD-
ING THE EGYPTIAN
PRESIDENT AT A
RECENT RECEPTION IN
CAIRO.
Colonel Nasser is
reported to have
received an enthu-
siastic welcome from
Arab students at a
recent reception in
Cairo. He told them
Arab nationalism
was stronger than ever. The students
were from Gaza and Jordan.



SUEZ CANAL. THE LAST OBSTACLE TO NAVIGATION: THE SUNKEN EGYPTIAN TUG *EDGAR BONNET* WITH A SALVAGE VESSEL ALONGSIDE. EXPLOSIVES IN THE TUG WERE STATED TO HAVE BEEN REMOVED.
At the time of writing, work is reported to be going ahead "full swing" on the task of raising the sunken Egyptian tug *Edgar Bonnet*, the sole remaining obstacle to navigation in the Suez Canal. It was reported on March 12 that "The Canal will be open for all kinds of ships by April 10."



BALTIMORE, U.S.A. AN APE ABSTRACT ARTIST: BETSY, A SIX-YEAR-OLD CHIMPANZEE, WORKING ON HER "FINGER PAINTINGS" (FOUR OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN) BEFORE A RECENT SALE OF HER "ABSTRACT WORKS." SOME OF THEM SOLD FOR AS MUCH AS £18.



MONACO. BEARING THE PROFILE PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS GRACE: ONE OF A SET OF TEN VALUES OF STAMPS TO BE ISSUED IN MONACO ON MAY 11.
This new Monaco stamp design showing the head of Princess Grace, the former film star Miss Grace Kelly, is to be used in a set of ten values (totalling 306 francs) which commemorate the birth of Princess Caroline, whose birth-date is shown.



HONG KONG. OPENING A NEW RESERVOIR IN HONG KONG: LADY PATRICIA LENNOX-BOYD, WIFE OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY. THE RESERVOIR WILL GREATLY INCREASE THE SUPPLY OF WATER AVAILABLE TO THE COLONY.
On March 7 Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, wife of the Colonial Secretary, opened the Tai Lam Chung reservoir in Hong Kong. The reservoir, which has been built at a cost of about £8,000,000, will greatly increase the water storage capacity of the Colony.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



ANTARCTICA, SHOWING THE MAIN BASE HUT AND THE STORES DUMPS IN THE BACKGROUND: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S BASE AT HALLEY BAY.



ANTARCTICA. WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN AND PLANTS GROWN BY THE LEADER OF THE ADVANCE PARTY: THE INTERIOR OF THE MAIN HUT AT HALLEY BAY. Early in January the twenty-one members of the Royal Society's International Geophysical Year Expedition, led by Colonel Robin Smart, landed from the expedition ship *Magga Dan* at the Society's base at Halley Bay. They took over from the 1956 advance party, the ten members of which have now returned to this country on board the *Magga Dan*.



CANADIAN FAR NORTH. CRUSHING THE ICE WITH HER SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED BOW: THE ARCTIC PATROL VESSEL H.M.C.S. LABRADOR, WHO IS ON A EUROPEAN CRUISE AND WAS TO VISIT PORTSMOUTH FOR TEN DAYS FROM MARCH 19.

The 6500-ton Arctic patrol vessel H.M.C.S. *Labrador* is the largest vessel ever to be built in Canada for the Royal Canadian Navy. On her European cruise *Labrador* is carrying five leading Canadian scientists, who will discuss Arctic problems with experts in this country and in Scandinavia, which is the ship's next port of call.



LONDON. BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC: THE EXPEDITION SHIP MAGGA DAN ENTERING BUTLER'S WHARF, NEAR TOWER BRIDGE, ON MARCH 13.

Having fulfilled her mission in the Antarctic—the transport of members and equipment of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic and the National Society's International Geophysical Year Expeditions—the Danish vessel *Magga Dan* berthed at Butler's Wharf just four months after her departure from there. She brought back members of the advance parties of both expeditions.



SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM PREPARES FOR AN ATOMIC AIR RAID: PEOPLE ENTERING A HUGE NEW UNDERGROUND SHELTER DURING A PRACTICE ON FEBRUARY 10.

On February 10 a large-scale air-raid practice was carried out in Stockholm. The main purpose of the exercise was to gain experience in the use of a new underground shelter designed to give protection against atom bombs. The shelter is one of a number now being built in



SWEDEN. ANOTHER SCENE DURING STOCKHOLM'S AIR RAID PRACTICE: PART OF THE CROWD IN THE SHELTER, WHICH IS BUILT DEEP IN THE UNDERGROUND ROCK.

Sweden. It is situated near the centre of the city, will hold between 10,000 and 15,000 people, and has been hewn out of solid rock. It will normally serve as a parking-space for up to about 300 cars. By 1958 Stockholm will have three main shelters ready for use.



SWEDEN. A PEACETIME USE FOR SWEDEN'S NEW UNDERGROUND SHELTERS: THE STOCKHOLM SHELTER USED AS A GARAGE. IT WILL HOLD ABOUT 300 CARS.

ONCE MORE UNDER HOURLY THREAT: ISRAELI SETTLERS NEAR GAZA.



WITH THE *FEDAYEEN* THREAT REVIVED BY THE EGYPTIAN RETURN TO GAZA, THE ISRAELI "COWBOY" AGAIN CARRIES HIS RIFLE AS HE GUARDS HIS HERD OF CATTLE.



ISRAELI SETTLERS CLEANING THE RIFLES AND STENS, WHICH ONCE AGAIN, DESPITE THE DEFEAT OF EGYPT IN THE FIELD, MUST BE THEIR DAILY COMPANIONS.



AFTER THE SINAI CAMPAIGN, THE WIRE SURROUNDING THIS ISRAELI SETTLEMENT NEAR GAZA WAS TAKEN DOWN. IT IS HERE SEEN BEING RENEWED.

With the overwhelming defeat of the Egyptian armed forces in the six-day Sinai campaign, the settlers of Southern Israel, and especially those near the Gaza Strip, thankfully took down the barbed-wire entanglements which surrounded their settlements and relaxed the 24-hour guard, which, men and women alike, they had maintained against the attacks, mainly by night, of the *fedayeen*, trained Egyptian infiltrators. Since, however, owing to



MAINTAINING A 24-HOUR WATCH AGAINST *FEDAYEEN* ACTIVITY: A MAN AND A GIRL MANNING THE WATCH-TOWER AT NAHAL-OZ.



A WATCH-TOWER IN ISRAEL, ABOUT A MILE FROM GAZA, BUILT ON HIGH GROUND AND EQUIPPED WITH A SEARCHLIGHT.

pressure from America and the United Nations, Israeli forces withdrew from Gaza (and from the west coast of the Gulf of Akaba) towards the end of the first week in March, the need for the remounting of the settlement guards became immediately apparent; and the need was confirmed with the arrival of an Egyptian Governor in Gaza on March 14 and the simultaneously revived "hate campaign" from the Egyptian "Voice of the Arab" radio.

TO INCREASE THAILAND'S RICE PRODUCTION: THE NEW DAM AT CHAINAT.



TO INCREASE THAILAND'S ANNUAL RICE PRODUCTION AND THUS HER RICE EXPORTS: THE NEW DAM AT CHAINAT, WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A BRITISH ENGINEERING FIRM.



A SPORTS DAY AT THE DAM: A STRENUOUS FIVE-CORNERED TUG-OF-WAR IN WHICH EACH CONTESTANT STRUGGLES TO SEIZE A FLAG.



HELPING WITH EXCAVATION WORK DURING CONSTRUCTION OF THE DAM: THAI COOLIE GIRLS, WHO PROVED CHEERFUL AND DILIGENT WORKERS.



ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW DAM ON FEBRUARY 7: HIS MAJESTY KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ.



THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL IRRIGATION DEPARTMENT GIVES THANKS AND MAKES OFFERINGS OF FOOD TO THE RIVER SPIRITS.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SITE WHERE THE DAM HAS BEEN BUILT. THE SAME SITE, AFTER COMPLETION OF THE DAM, IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DIORAMA MODEL OF THE SITE, SHOWING THE COMPLETED DAM AND THE DIVERSION OF THE RIVER BY THE EARTH DAM ON THE RIGHT.

The new dam at Chainat, in Thailand, which was opened by King Bhumibol Adulyadej on February 7 will be of great assistance to the country's rice growers and farmers as they can now rely on artificial irrigation, and are no longer dependent on the uncertain seasonal rainfall. Many other Far East countries will also benefit from the new dam as increased quantities of Thai rice become available for export. Thailand rice exports are already large, representing about 60 per cent. of the total value of her exports.

The dam is situated about 124 miles north of Bangkok and, together with a system of canals, formed part of a scheme first thought of before the First World War. The canals were begun after the First World War, and are expected to be completed in 1959. Construction of the dam, originally planned to begin in 1940, was held up by the Second World War and was not begun until 1951. The managers and supervisors of the construction of the dam were Keir and Cawder Ltd., of Glasgow and London.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AND THE OPENING OF A NEW DAM IN THAILAND.



(Above.)
AT A CEREMONY AT A TEMPLE
NEAR THE SITE OF THAILAND'S
GREAT NEW DAM: KING
BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ AND
QUEEN SIRIKIT.



A THAI LADY KNEELS—CONFORMING WITH A NOW-ABOLISHED
TRADITION—TO MAKE A PRESENTATION TO THE KING BEFORE
HE OPENED THE NEW DAM.

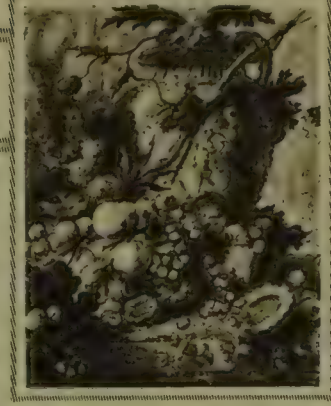
THE Chao Phya Dam at Chainat, Thailand, was completed in August 1956 and opened by his Majesty, King Bhumibol Adulyadej, on February 7, 1957. Before opening the new dam, King Bhumibol Adulyadej, as is customary for men of Thailand, entered the Buddhist priesthood for a short period. The dam has been built for the purpose of improving the irrigation of the Central Plain of Thailand to increase rice and other agricultural production. The area is known as the Rice Bowl of Thailand, and now that irrigation is independent of the uncertain and often inadequate seasonal rains and floods, it is hoped it will become one of the most productive regions in the Far East. The completion of the dam is the realisation of plans which were begun as long ago as before the First World War. Dutch and British engineers then suggested that a system of canals should be built and that these should be supplied with water from the Chao Phya River and its tributaries.



IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CUSTOM OF THAI MEN, KING
BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ RECENTLY ENTERED THE BUDDHIST
PRIESTHOOD FOR A SHORT PERIOD.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A FEW days ago I saw, and greatly admired, in a neighbour's house, an exceptionally fine specimen of *Cineraria stellata*. It was tall, hearty, and much branched, with a grand spread of small brilliant reddish-violet daisy-flowers. The sight of this great plant awoke in me memories of a bright idea which I had, exactly fifty years ago—within a week or two. I confess that I have always been a martyr to bright ideas, or what seemed to be bright ideas, but I remember my cineraria brain-wave especially clearly because I put it into practice, and, unlike the majority of bright ideas, it came off as a brilliant success.

I bought a packet of seeds of *Cineraria stellata*, for which I paid Messrs. Ryder, of St. Albans, the sum of one penny sterling. Those were the days! I sowed the seeds under glass at some time in January or February. After so many years I can not remember the exact date. I grew the seedlings on in pots, and by bedding-out time had a couple of dozen or so healthy vigorous specimens, which I planted out, massed, in one great group in a herbaceous border. The soil, I remember, was rather on the light side, but it had been dug over during the previous autumn, and given a generous helping of "farmyard," nicely matured and mellow. The plants grew a great deal more vigorously than they would have done had they remained in pots, and at one stage I began to wonder whether they would disgrace themselves by running to a riot of leaf at the expense of blossom. But all was well. In the end they steadied up, and in late summer they came into flower. As far as I can remember, they stood about 3 to 4 ft. high, and if I were not afraid of seeming to exaggerate, I would even say 4 to 5 ft. From a distance they looked like a mass of Michaelmas daisies in exceptionally brilliant colours, and colours which are unknown in that race of plants, bluer blues and violets, and redder approaches to red.

Every visitor who saw my *Stellata* cinerarias in the herbaceous border was at first startled and puzzled, and then astonished and enchanted. Whether this effect of almost Oriental splendour could be repeated with any certainty I can not say. But certainly I have never met it anywhere since, and for some odd reason I have never attempted it again. Perhaps the weather of that particular summer happened to be especially to the taste of the plants. Certainly they showed every sign of enjoyment, and went on flowering for a surprisingly long time. In fact, they remained in full flower together with the later Michaelmas daisies, and even stood up to the early cold nights of autumn better than any of the normal herbaceous plants.

The nearest thing to cinerarias planted in the open air that I have ever met have been pot-grown specimens of the grandiflora type, bedded out in full blossom in the public gardens at Monte Carlo, and other places along the Riviera. But there they merely looked dumpy, gaudy and garish. They were not really growing there, but merely

CINERARIAS IN THE BORDER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

dumped, ready made, and regimented. They were as much a part of the delightful, gay artificiality of the Riviera scene as the local police on a Sunday—but they were not gardening. The tall, much-branched *Stellata* cinerarias in my herbaceous border were a very different story. They grew there for several months before they ever began to think of flowering, and so had time to settle in and grow to their surroundings, and to assume a pleasantly negligent carefree appearance.

I really think that this way of growing *Cineraria stellata* as summer residents in the mixed flower border in the open air would be well worth repeating. Or a bold group of them in mixed colours might be given an isolated position with a specially

which can seldom be afforded under purely private auspices.

In writing of the silver-leaved *Cineraria maritima* a thought occurred to me of the possibility of crossing this species with one or other of the florists' or garden cinerarias, either the *Stellatas* or the grandifloras, with the idea of producing the gay daisy flowers—blue, violet, mauve or pink—on their own natural silver setting. But that, alas, would seem to be one of those bright ideas, to which I referred earlier in this article, which are in fact, and in practice, not so bright as they seemed at birth. The flowers of *Cineraria maritima* are yellow, and somehow a marriage between yellow flowers and the blue, violet and pink

flowers of *Cineraria stellata*—well—the results, if any, would surely be too horrible to contemplate. But even more important as a barrier to such a mixed marriage might be that *Cineraria maritima* is not a cineraria at all, but a senecio. At least, that is what the botanists tell us just now.

I see that Messrs. Suttons offer in their seed catalogue a race of annual cinerarias, which "will flower in the open from a spring sowing, foliage resembles that of a *jacoba*. Height 1½ to 2 ft. Mixed colours." Perhaps these would provide an easy way of repeating my happy experiment with *Stellata* cinerarias of fifty years ago—on a smaller scale.

I have been greatly pleased this early spring with a race of polyanthus primroses which has resulted as a distinct offshoot from a race of these lovely flowers which I started to breed and work on a year or two before the First World War. My original aim was to evolve a race of polyanthus primroses, to include reds, pinks, crimsons, violets and purples in

the richest, deepest and most brilliant tones I could achieve, all flowers to have clear, well-defined golden eyes. Rich quality was my aim rather than size. I started by sowing half a dozen packets of seed of the best strains then on the market, and when they flowered I selected about a dozen plants which came nearest to what I aimed at, out of

some thousands raised. The seeds from those selected few were again sown, and so the process went on year after year at my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage. Eventually, seeds of my Six Hills Strain, as I called it, were offered in my nursery catalogue. Then, when I retired in 1946, my son Joe, who was starting a nursery in the Cotswolds, carried on with the Six Hills Strain, calling it now the Broadwell Strain. For many years the original Six Hills Strain has contained a few so-called blue varieties—lavender-blues and violets—but always there were too few of these colours.

A year or two ago my son decided deliberately to breed and produce more of these blue shades, and segregated a few of the best plants and raised successive batches of seedlings. During the recent exceptionally mild weather, the latest batch of my son's blue seedlings have come into flower, not fully as yet, but enough to show that they really are—well I am proud to have originated their ancestors of a few generations back.



A NEW RACE OF ANNUAL CINERARIAS, WHICH WILL FLOWER IN THE OPEN FROM A SPRING SOWING: A TYPICAL FLOWER-HEAD. THESE PLANTS ARE OF MIXED COLOURS AND FLOWER AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 2 FT., OR LOWER. (Photograph, copyright, Sutton and Sons, Ltd., Reading.)

planned background of rich evergreens, and perhaps a foreground of silvery-grey, such as cotton lavender, and the silvery-white *Cineraria maritima*. Such a planting might be especially appropriate in some public park or garden, where striking and unusual effects are appreciated, and where labour and glass are available for types of gardening

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CELEBRATING ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE: THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, CARDIFF.



SHOWING WORKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A GALLERY AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, CARDIFF, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE.



RE-ERECTED AT THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM, ST. FAGANS: KENNIXTON FARMHOUSE, WHICH DATES LARGELY FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND WAS ORIGINALLY AT LLANGENNYDD, IN THE GOWER PENINSULA.



"HON. CHARLES ROLLS, 1877-1910," BY EDITH FINLINSON. HE WAS JOINT FOUNDER OF ROLLS-ROYCE. (Oil on canvas; 48 by 36 ins.) (Llangattock Trustees.)



"RICHARD ('BEAU') NASH," BY WILLIAM HOARE. THESE PORTRAITS ARE IN THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF WELSH NATIONAL PORTRAITS AT THE MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (The Pump Room, Bath.)



"LADY LLANOVER, 1802-96," BY C. A. MORNEWICKE. LADY LLANOVER WAS A GREAT PATRON OF WELSH LEARNING. (Oil on canvas; 36 by 29 ins.) (R. Herbert, Esq.)



A BRANCH MUSEUM TAKEN OVER IN 1930: THE LEGIARY MUSEUM AT CAERLEON, WHICH SHOWS OBJECTS EXCAVATED IN THE ROMAN LEGIARY FORTRESS.



BEGUN IN 1912 AND STILL ONLY HALF-COMPLETE: THE FINE BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, IN CARDIFF, WHICH WAS DESIGNED BY SMITH AND BREWER.

The National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, has been celebrating its Jubilee this week, its Royal Charter of Incorporation having been granted on March 19, 1907. The foundation-stone of the Museum's imposing building was laid in 1912 by George V, who formally opened part of the building in 1927. In 1932 the late Duke of Kent opened the East Wing and its magnificently equipped lecture theatre, which is also used for concerts. To commemorate the Jubilee each department of the Museum has arranged a special exhibition

in the Main Entrance Hall. The Department of Art is marking the occasion with a loan exhibition of Welsh National Portraits, which continues until April 14. Three of these portraits of famous Welshmen and women are shown here. There are some hundred portraits in all, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings and miniatures. Also shown here are features from two branches of the National Museum—the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagans, and the Legiary Museum at Caerleon, which was built in 1850.

TESTIMONY TO THE TESTAMENTS.

"BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY": By G. ERNEST WRIGHT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT is an American who teaches Old Testament History and Theology at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. He is quoted on the jacket of this book as saying that a Biblical Archaeologist "studies the discoveries of the excavations in order to glean from them every fact that throws a direct, indirect, or even diffused light upon the Bible. . . . His central and absorbing interest is the understanding and exposition of the Scriptures." A hasty person, picking his work up in a bookshop, might jump to the rash conclusion that here was somebody who was merely looking for evidence to support some theory or other; in former days it might have been Archbishop Ussher's conviction, very widely accepted, that the world was created at the precise date of 4004 B.C., or the identification of some particular beach as that on which the whale disgorged Jonah.

It isn't quite unreasonable to make those rapid assumptions. There have always been people who refused to accept any facts (and resisted them, actually) which didn't fit their theories. Edmund Gosse's father—it is all recorded in that painful, gay, affectionate, sad and truthful classic, "Father and Son"—was a very eminent F.R.S. and zoologist, an expert in all the life on the sea-fringes, and so concentrated, after his manner, on the recording of facts, that (I quote from memory) when his only son was born he noted in his Diary: "E. delivered of a son; received green swallow from Jamaica." Yet, being a Fundamentalist, like Mr. Kensit who has just died, and who swore by "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," when Sir Charles Lyell, and other geologists, produced from the rocks their evidences of the enormous antiquity of life, and even of human life, on this earth, his only reply was that the Almighty had "planted" the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt the doubters to deeper doubt. While all that was going on, a hundred years and more ago, and the stupid "apes or angels" debate was being led up to, Charles Darwin, in some Christian eyes the chief villain of the piece, ended his very long journey round the world in *The Beagle* and concluded "man is more than the breath in his body." He was as reverent a soul as ever lived.

Strictly speaking, there is, except in a purely historical way, very little theology in the book at all. The publishers' statement that the book will "offer rich rewards" to readers who "are eager to know the relevance of modern archaeological research to the ancient certainties of the Christian faith" is rather an overstatement unless one considers that the plan and elevation of Solomon's Temple and such things are amongst those certainties. The Christian era is not reached until the penultimate chapter out of fourteen, and when we do reach it the subjects discussed are such as: "Palestine at the Time of Jesus' Birth"—"The Neighbours of Judaea"—"The Essenes"—"Daily Life in New Testament Times"—

"Archaeological Evidences for Early Christian Churches in the East."

Diggings cannot prove, or even support, dogma about the eternal verities: at most they can only increase our knowledge as to what our predecessors on this earth thought about them. There is, in this book, a "Reconstruction" of the Synagogue at Capernaum. The Synagogue has not been found. Titus, after the final quelling of the Jews in Jerusalem, and the destruction of the City, destroyed the lot in a way even more thorough than Hitler's. But suppose that the Synagogue had been excavated intact, or as nearly intact as the Parthenon, what bearing would that have had on "Christian certainties"? It would merely have proved that the Gospel was correct in stating that there was a synagogue at that place.

All this has been caused by irritation from a publisher's blurb. Had he asked some archaeologist, like Sir Mortimer Wheeler, to write it, it would have been worded very differently. The fact that Mr. Wright was a Professor of Theology would not have been emphasised. The fact that he has three sons and a daughter would not have been mentioned—so had I, for that matter, until the Germans got busy, but I don't see what bearing that has on my capacity for reviewing this book. What would have been said would be that he is a thoroughly scientific (to my mind that implies honesty and a willingness to accept facts, however unexpected, dislikable or upsetting) archaeologist who has made an interim report—and in this field all reports are

historical records. Some of those records were written late, some of them very late, from oral tradition, and legends, increasingly embroidered. We have a wealth of documents about the ancient Jews (the dates of whose writings have mostly not yet been ascertained) such as we have not from the Greeks, or even the Babylonians or the Egyptians, of those early ages.

It is not unreasonable that diggers now from all Western Countries should be concentrating on the Holy Land and its environs; we have documents to check.

This book, as a record of archaeological discovery in Biblical Lands, ought to be a manual in all schools; it would excite boys and girls to go out and dig, which is far better, than killing one another. But the price is enormous and the page so big as to make it difficult for me to read it except flattening it out on a table; a small edition is called for. Every particle of evidence produced, so far, is scrutinised. For example: "There are a number of references to the camel in Genesis, as in the story of Abraham's servant who takes a camel caravan back to Aram in search of a wife for Isaac. Archaeology now informs us, however, that the camel had not been generally domesticated as yet, and we should, therefore, substitute 'donkey' for 'camel.' Another example is the mention of the Philistines as living along the southern coast of Palestine (Chap. 21: 34 and Chap. 26), but we now know that the settlement of the Philistines did not occur until five or six hundred years later. Both the camel and the Philistines are examples of modernisation. Later Hebrews were simply bringing the stories up to date, and what modern teller of tales does not do the same?"

"We shall probably," he goes on, "never be able to prove that Abram really existed, that he did this or that, said thus and so, but what we can prove is that his life and times, as reflected in the stories about him, fit perfectly within the early second millennium, but imperfectly within any later period." That paragraph indicates Professor Wright's mind. His faith, which fortunately I happen to share, is mine; but when it comes to history, he would rather die than cheat. The latest records which he mentions are the "Dead Sea Scrolls"—ancient Hebrew writings hidden in caves over the Dead Sea. Deciphered, they proved that our Greek version of the Scriptures was nearer to the original than our late Hebrew version.

What next may be discovered? Those old tribes, those old cities, those old Empires, seem to have been as intent on destroying each other as the countries of modern Europe. Something, however, remained under the

ashes. I remember asking Mussolini, rather than to build more battleships, to dig up the rest of Herculaneum—encased in the lava of which there may still be the poems of Sappho and the lost plays of the great Greek dramatists. The answer was an evasive one. The fact still remains. The frontier between history and pre-history is being pushed back and back. The archaeologists are doing it. The general public, alas, knows little about it.

Novel are reviews by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 476 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR GEORGE ERNEST WRIGHT.

Professor G. E. Wright is Professor of Old Testament History and Theology at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. He graduated from McCormick Seminary in 1934, and took part in his first Palestine excavation in the same year. Since 1939 he has taught Old Testament at McCormick Seminary, and has taken part in various international commissions on Bible study. He is founder-editor of "The Biblical Archaeologist", and Archaeological Director of the Drew-McCormick Archaeological Expedition.



THE STORM-GOD, HADAD, WHO IN CANAAN WAS CALLED BAAL, STANDING ON THE BACK OF A BULL. FROM ARSLAN-TASH, IN NORTHERN SYRIA, DATING FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

Photograph by J. B. Pritchard, from "Ancient Near East in Pictures" (Princeton University Press, 1954).



JUDEAN CAPTIVES FROM LACHISH AS PORTRAYED ON A RELIEF IN SENNACHERIB'S PALACE AT NINEVEH. (From A. H. Layard, "Monuments of Nineveh.")

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Biblical Archaeology"; by courtesy of the publishers.

interim reports—on what light all the excavations have thrown on the Books of the Old Testament.

Professor Wright has himself (he is very modest about it) taken part in a dig or two. But he has gathered into his mind all the results of all the excavations which have been made during the last hundred years and more, not only in Palestine (that eternal Battleground) but in Egypt, in Syria, in Asia Minor and in Mesopotamia. All these countries are relevant to "Holy Writ." The Hebrews, occasionally settled but originally nomads, and, later, Displaced Persons, passed us on information about them all in their accumulated

* "Biblical Archaeology." By G. Ernest Wright. 220 Illustrations. (Philadelphia: the Westminster Press; London: Gerald Duckworth; 84s.)



ITS MAGNIFICENCE NOW RESTORED: NEVILLE'S GREAT HALL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AFTER REDECORATION.

The redecoration of the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, has now been completed. The stained glass of the West Oriel has been rearranged and new windows bearing the Arms of his late Majesty King George VI and of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who were undergraduates of the College in 1919-1920, have been inserted. The walls and ceiling have been repainted and the gilding on the roof beams has been renewed. The most difficult and costly individual item was the restoration of the panelling round the High

Table, which had become badly split and extensively damaged by death-watch beetle, and from which a thick coat of paint has now been removed. The Minstrels' Gallery is a little less colourful than before, but otherwise the decoration of the carved woodwork in the Hall is exactly as it was before it became obscured by the grime of years. The walls and ceiling were last repainted in 1925, but the last restoration of the woodwork was in 1866. The Hall was built in 1604 by Thomas Nevile, Master from 1593 to 1615.



ANCIENT EVEN IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II: THE TICHBORNE DOLE—A LADY DAY CHARITY THEN ALREADY 500 YEARS OLD—SEEN IN A PAINTING OF 1670 BY GILLIS VAN TILBORCH THE YOUNGER.

On Lady Day (March 25) flour will be distributed to the poor outside Tichborne Park, near Alresford, in Hampshire, and an 800-year-old custom will have been continued by the Tichborne family, one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England. Except for a short and disastrous break from 1795 to 1835, and despite the hurdle of bread rationing some ten years ago, the Tichborne Dole has been distributed each year since the time of Henry II. Tradition has it that when Lady Mabella, wife of Sir Roger de Tichborne, lay on her death-bed she begged her husband to make some permanent provision for the poor of the neighbourhood, whose interests she had always had at heart. But Sir Roger was a hard man and he scoffed at his dying wife's request, telling her that he would gladly give to the poor the produce of as much land as she herself would walk around. Despite her great weakness, Lady Mabella left her bed and,

clutching a lighted brand, she crawled painfully on her hands and knees round a field of 23 acres. Then her strength failed her and, casting the lighted brand in a stream, she uttered a memorable prophecy before she died. If ever a Tichborne should fail to make the annual distribution to the poor, she threatened, the house would fall down and the name would die out after there had been a generation of seven sons followed by seven daughters. To this day the field she encompassed is known as "The Crawls," and Lady Mabella's wishes are carried out by her family each Lady Day. In 1670, when the large picture reproduced here was painted for Sir Henry Tichborne, the third Baronet, there had been no known break in the carrying out of the ceremony. Gillis van Tilborch shows Sir Henry's varied household gathered for the distribution of the dole in front of old Tichborne House. This impressive family group is interesting as a fine

record of Stuart costume and character by a pupil of David Teniers the Younger. More than a century was to pass before the Tichborne family stopped the distribution of the dole and before the dreadful prophecy of Lady Mabella was to be very nearly fulfilled. At the end of the eighteenth century the fame of the Tichborne Dole was such that beggars and vagabonds from far afield joined the local poor in claiming their bread on Lady Day. Their presence in the district became such a nuisance that the local magistrates called upon the seventh Baronet, another Sir Henry, to end this abuse by stopping the dole, which he did in 1795. With almost incredible rapidity the various factors of the prophecy were fulfilled. While Sir Henry Tichborne was interned during the Napoleonic Wars the old Tichborne House was partially destroyed by fire. The ruins were pulled down and Sir Henry returned to find the present house, Tichborne Park,

in the course of construction. Sir Henry had seven sons, and was succeeded by his eldest, also Sir Henry, who had seven daughters. In 1835 this Sir Henry restored the distribution of the dole, and it is interesting to note that the continuity of the line was not assured till 1839 when the future eleventh Baronet was born. This was Alfred, the second son of Sir James Doughty-Tichborne. Edward, the ninth Baronet, had taken the name of Doughty to fulfil the requirements of a will. Now the eleventh Baronet, Sir Alfred, had had an elder brother, Roger, who had been born in 1829—before the resumption of the dole—and was lost at sea in 1854. The famous Tichborne case which was opened in 1872 was the result of a spurious claim by one Arthur Orton to be the lost Roger. Since the resumption of the dole in 1835 the custom has been carried out each Lady Day, and this year will see yet another fulfilment of this time-honoured tradition.

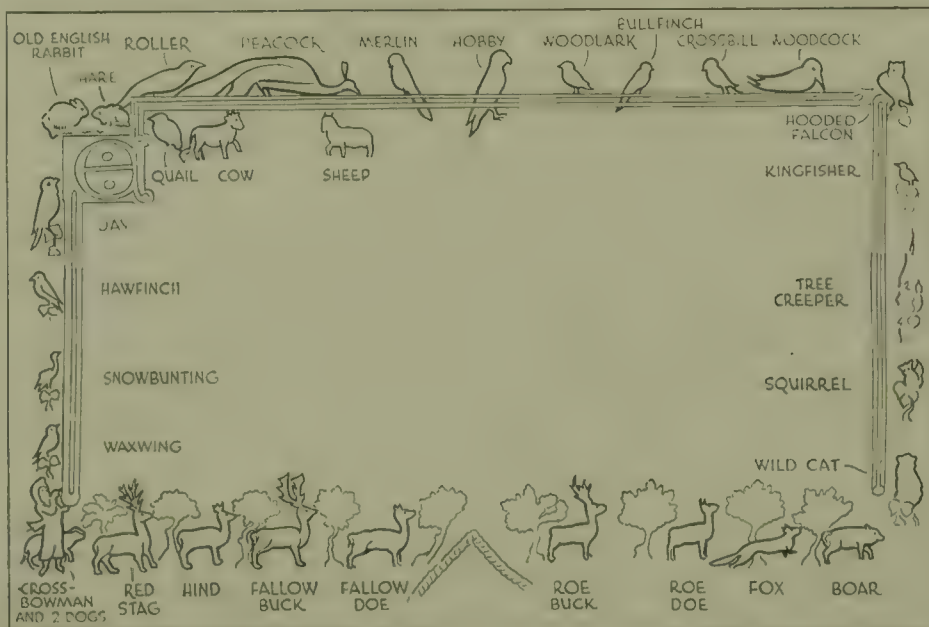
Reproduced by courtesy of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bart.

A CHARTER OF EDWARD I—ENCHANTINGLY ADORNED WITH BIRDS AND BEASTS.



A SPLENDID CHARTER OF FREE WARREN GRANTED BY EDWARD I TO ROGER DE PILKINGTON IN 1291, AND BEARING THE GREAT SEAL IN GREEN WAX ATTACHED BY A SILK CORD. DECORATED WITH COLOURED PORTRAITS OF BIRDS AND BEASTS, WHICH ARE IDENTIFIED IN THE KEY BELOW.

“EDWARD, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland and Duke of Aquitaine, to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, justices, sheriffs, reeves, ministers and all bailiffs and their faithful men, greeting! Know that we have granted and by this our charter have confirmed to our beloved Roger de Pilkington that he and his heirs shall forever have free warren in all their demesne lands of Pilkington, Whitefield, Unsworth, Cheetham, Crompton, Sholver and Wolstenholme in the county of Lancaster, provided however that those lands are not within the bounds of our forest, so that no one shall enter those lands for hunting therein or taking anything pertaining to the warren without the licence or wish of the said Roger and his heirs under our penalty of £10. Wherefore we wish and firmly enjoin for ourselves and our heirs that the said Roger and his heirs shall forever have free warren in all their said demesne lands, provided that those lands are not within the bounds of our forest, so that no one shall enter those lands for hunting therein or taking anything pertaining to the warren without the licence and wish of the said Roger or his heirs under our penalty of £10 as aforesaid. These being witnesses, the venerable fathers J. archbishop of York, Primate, R. bishop of



Bath and Wells, and A. bishop of Durham, Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, Henry de Lascy, earl of Lincoln, Robert Tybotot, John de Vesey, Walter de Bello Campo, William de Monte Reuelli, John de St. John, Richard de Bosco and others. Given by our own hand at Norham, 10 June, 19th year of our reign. Were-menistre.” This interesting, beautiful and well-preserved charter (7½ by 11½ ins.) was given in 1291 at Norham, about seven miles south-west of Berwick, where Edward I had proceeded to settle the dispute between the competitors for the Crown of Scotland. The right of free warren covered such game as hares, partridges and pheasants, and rabbits, and according to some authorities wildfowl. The places named are now mainly near or part of such towns as Bury, Manchester and Oldham; and the right is presumably now of academic interest only. The archbishop named was John le Romeyn; the bishop of Bath and Wells, Robert Burnell, who was also chancellor; and the bishop of Durham was Anthony Bek. The name “Weremenistre” can be identified as that of William de Warminster, who at some date later than January 1289-90 was Keeper of the Hanaper—a department of the chancery which received the fees paid on charters and letters under the Great Seal.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

THE POET OF VENICE.

paintings which appear to be by the same hand; but even these, given the co-operative atmosphere of the 'Guardi studio,' may well have been carried out with systems quite alien to our cult of personality. Anyway, such co-operation would certainly not be unique in the history of art."

This painting factory—an impolite description, but mine, not the author's—began with innumerable copies and adaptations of the work of other men and was then gradually transformed by the singularly sensitive personality of its most gifted partner into something outstandingly original. The main influence on the style of his

world quivering and oscillating under the most unstable variations of light and colour. Then sky, water, reflections and radiations all combined to create an atmosphere that included everything in the picture." In that last sentence I detect a flaw. Has he not become a victim of his own enthusiasm and applied to Guardi, and by implication to Guardi alone, a quality which has belonged to all good landscape painters from Giorgione down to Constable, not excepting Canaletto himself?

Most of us are presumably fairly familiar with Guardi's characteristic sparkling personal style—after all, we have some magnificent examples in

this country and he has long been a most admired auction-room figure—and therefore we can welcome any number of finely-illustrated books about him. This one has 20 excellent colour plates and 190 other illustrations—drawings, imaginary views and a selection from both his dreamily contemplative and deliberately agitated pieces. What I think the majority of English people will find a trifle outside their experience and consequently of special interest is the series of paintings by Antonio—and by the two brothers in collaboration. I wonder, for instance, how many of us who have ever set foot in Venice have found their way to the Church of the Archangel Raphael? An enchanting name for a church, anyway, and within it what from these illustrations (one of them in colour) must be a no less enchanting series by Antonio and Francesco together of the story of Tobias and the Angel. The details from this series

published here by Signor Moschini are specially revealing to all of us who, by force of habit, connect the names of both painters with views of Venice and views of Venice only.

No less revealing are the chubby "Angels Making Music" in the same church, and the wonderful "Dawn" in the Labia collection in Venice, the latter reminding one of Fragonard in its grace and delicacy. Then, with the two brothers still working together—to note another unfamiliar and not readily accessible example—the pretty pictures in the Italian Embassy in Paris: Venus in her chariot looking at herself in a mirror, and two solemn little Cupids busy at an anvil making arrows while a third works the bellows. My advice, then, is when next in Venice forget for a morning the greater glories to be found therein and find Raphael's church, and on the way home get yourself invited to a party at the Italian Embassy in Paris. That, in a way, is the trouble with all books as well illustrated and as competently edited as this: they remind one of the less known aspects of a painter's career and make one want to rush off immediately to see them for oneself.

This speculation occurs to me as I close the book. Canaletto, a grave old sobersides by comparison with the younger man, was enticed over to London, and, as everyone knows, brought with him some golden sunshine to warm our red brick; by general consent his London views are marvellous evocations of the mid-eighteenth-century city and exercised a powerful influence upon such painters as Samuel Scott and Marlow. What if Francesco Guardi had followed his example? Would his poetic, sparkling style have been in tune with these alien surroundings? Would Father Thames have radiated a myriad reflections and would the watermen have acquired the grace of his gondoliers?



"VIEW OF THE DOGANA"; ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT FRANCESCO GUARDIS IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN THIS BOOK. (Oil on canvas; 26½ by 36 ins.)



"TOBIAS' FAREWELL"; ONE OF THE FRESCOS BY ANTONIO AND FRANCESCO GUARDI IN THE CHURCH OF THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL AT VENICE: ILLUSTRATED IN "FRANCESCO GUARDI," BY VITTORIO MOSCHINI (HEINEMANN'S), WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

THE latest book, "Francesco Guardi,"* to be published in the sumptuous series on Italian artists from the house of Heinemann, follows naturally—indeed, inevitably—upon the Canaletto volume. Printing and plates are of the high standard we have come to expect from Milan, and the editor, Vittorio Moschini, who was also responsible for the text and the plates of the previous publication, knows as much about eighteenth-century Venice as anyone on earth. His introduction, though erudite, eloquent and excellently translated, is apparently intended for the dozen or so critics who can argue with him on his own ground, and, before I was half-way through, I found myself wondering whether, in a fine production of this character presumably intended for a wide public, he would not have been better advised had he made rather more concessions to the average man's somewhat hazy notions of the subject. It would also have been helpful if we had been given the size of the picture under each plate; as it is, we are left to guess—or to remember from our own experience—whether a painting is a foot square or 4 ft. by 5 ft., which in some instances makes a proper judgment difficult. I hasten to add, however, that if you can, by taking pains, discipline yourself to think upon the somewhat exalted, not to say cloudy, plane upon which he moves, you will come to understand a great deal more about the Guardi family than you did previously and acquire a very just appreciation of the place it occupied in the painting of Venice.

The great man is, of course, Francesco (b. 1712), but his father, Domenico, was also a painter, and so were his brothers, Antonio and Nicolò, and his son, Giacomo (who lived till 1835), while his sister Cecilia married Gianbattista Tiepolo. As was the common practice at the time, painting was a family affair, and Italian experts are still quarrelling, sometimes acidly, about the exact contribution of the Guardi brothers to certain early works. The father died in 1716 when Francesco was only four and the elder brother, Antonio, eighteen, an early age at which to find oneself in command of the family business. In spite of the later fame of Francesco—in spite, too, of Signor Moschini's somewhat disparaging remarks about Antonio—the latter, who died in 1760, seems to me, on the evidence of the plates, to emerge from the dust of critical conflict rather well. We read about "his summary superficial treatment" of this and that, but remember that just this criticism has been levelled at Francesco on many occasions, and surely not wholly without reason. It seems clear enough that the whole question of who was mainly responsible for the early productions of the studio is yet unresolved, and the position is neatly summarised as follows: "The lack of signatures has also led some critics to consider as works done in collaboration many

maturity, at once a restraint and an inspiration—Canaletto. The author, to quote him again, puts it thus: "Canaletto showed Guardi how to look on Venice as an object of contemplation. If Guardi had followed Canaletto's example to extremes it would have meant a denial of his true self, a renunciation of his imaginative and poetic urge in favour of serenity and lucidity. But instead he took from Canaletto what could be of value to him, and his development from this was of decisive importance for him." Then, a little later: "For him nature and truth were fused with the artist's feeling and its expression. It was a feeling prone to flights of fantasy, with his

* "Francesco Guardi." Edited by Vittorio Moschini, who has also written the Introduction. With 20 Colour Plates and 190 in Black and White. (William Heinemann, Ltd.; 5 gns.)

A MAGNIFICENT ROYAL WEDDING IN MODERN INDIA: THE HEIR-APPARENT OF KUTCH AND A PRINCESS OF TRIPURA MARRIED WITH COLOURFUL AND STATELY TRADITIONAL CEREMONIES.



BEFORE LEAVING BOMBAY TO FETCH HIS BRIDE: THE BRIDEGROOM, YUVARAJ PRITHVIRAJ(SINHJI), HEIR-APPARENT OF KUTCH, IS BLESSED BY HIS SISTER.

THE stately and picturesque ceremonies for the marriage of Yuvaraj Prithvirajsinhji, heir-apparent of Kutch, and Princess Priti Devi, younger sister of the Maharaja of Tripura, lasted eleven days in all, the principal pageantry being on the wedding evening, which took place in Calcutta on February 16. This wedding was one of the leading social events in India this spring and was attended by a large gathering of Indian Princes, their wives and daughters. Among the guests were

(Continued below)



FOLLOWING TRADITION BEFORE SETTING OFF BY TRAIN TO CALCUTTA: THE BRIDEGROOM STARTING HIS JOURNEY ON A WHITE HORSE.



IN CALCUTTA ON THE WEDDING NIGHT ON FEBRUARY 16: THE BRIDEGROOM IN HIS MAGNIFICENT CHARIOT IN THE PROCESSION TO THE TRIPURA PALACE.

(Continued.) wedding was carried out with all the traditional pomp and ceremony. The bridegroom set out ceremoniously from his home in Bombay for the long journey across India to bring his Princess from her home in Calcutta. Though he started his journey on horseback, he and his party actually travelled by train. The bridegroom's party arrived in Calcutta on the morning of February 16, and were received at the station by the Maharaja of

(Continued below)



DEMURE AND BEAUTIFUL IN HER WEDDING DRESS: THE BRIDE, PRINCESS PRITI DEVI, YOUNGER SISTER OF THE MAHARAJA OF TRIPURA.



WAITING FOR THE HINDU MARRIAGE RITES TO BEGIN: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN THEIR GORGEOUS COSTUMES.



THE BEGINNING OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY: THE RIGHT HANDS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ARE CEREMONIOUSLY BOUND TOGETHER.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IS COMPLETED AS THE GLITTERING SCARVES OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ARE KNOTTED TOGETHER.



AT THE CLOSE OF THE IMPRESSIVE WEDDING CEREMONIES IN THE BEAUTIFUL SETTING OF TRIPURA PALACE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, NOW MARRIED, BEING ESCORTED TO THE BRIDAL SUITE.



SETTING OUT FOR THE JOURNEY ACROSS INDIA TO HER HUSBAND'S ANCESTRAL HOME IN BOMBAY: THE BRIDE LEAVES HER FORMER HOME IN CALCUTTA.



THE BRIDE IS ADMITTED INTO HER NEW FAMILY: BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, THE MAHARANI AND MAHARAO OF KUTCH TOUCH EACH OTHER AS A BLESSING IS INVOKED.

(Continued.) Professor Rushbrook Williams and his wife, who had the unique experience for foreigners of being formally included, as old friends of the Kutch dynasty, in the "Barat" (bridegroom's party), and it is Professor Williams who has sent us the photographs and information given on these pages. This was a love-match. Bride and groom met last year during the season in Delhi, where the Yuvaraj is a University student, and they decided to marry. Although the ancient dynasties of Kutch and Tripura, separated by the whole breadth of India, have never before been allied, the young people had their way. (Continued above, right.)

Photographs by Professor Rushbrook



BEFORE ENTERING THE KUTCH PALACE IN BOMBAY: THE BRIDE, ASSISTED BY THE LADIES OF HER NEW FAMILY, DIPS HER FOOT INTO RED POWDER BEFORE MAKING HER ENTRY.

(Continued.) Tripura and other Princes. The Maharao of Kutch, father of the bridegroom, gave a reception in the evening, after which the bridegroom was taken in procession to the home of his bride, the Tripura Palace. At the palace the Maharaja of Tripura held a reception, which was followed by the actual marriage ceremony, performed according to Hindu rites. After the stately ceremonial in Calcutta the young couple flew to Bombay, where the bride was formally received by her husband's family in their ancestral home. Now, however, bride and bridegroom have begun their life together as a typical young couple of to-day in a modern flat in New Delhi.

Williams, C.B.E., M.A., B.Litt., J.P.



BACK IN BOMBAY: THE MAHARANI OF KUTCH WELCOMES HER SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OUTSIDE HER HOME, WITH THE GOLDEN INCENSE BURNER.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 11. ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS—CRAFTSMANSHIP AS DISPLAYED

When an animal grows, materials taken in the form of food are used to create new protoplasm, which has a definite structure. Skeletons, either inside or external to the body, in the form of bone, shell and the like, are also laid down. These represent more obviously a form of craftsmanship, yet there is little difference in principle between the building of the skeleton and the creation of the softer protoplasm. The materials for the skeleton are often derived from the food also, in the form of lime-salts, or are elaborated from materials present in the food, as in the chitinous coats of insects. When, however, an animal uses

a material already in existence, then we see something which is very akin to the crafts and arts we ourselves use. It may seem a far cry to speak of craftsmanship or artistry at such a low level, yet the fact remains that it is at the level of the single-celled organism that we find some of the more remarkable, as well as the most beautiful, constructional works. Both the radiolarians and the foraminifera have single-celled bodies, yet both construct external skeletons which have long delighted the eyes of microscopists. More surprising is that some of them, such as the *Technitella* and other one-celled animals, are capable of a high

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.

BY THE LOWER ANIMALS, FROM THE "GLASS BLOWERS" TO THE "BALLET DANCERS."

degree of choice and arrangement of the materials they use. One marine single-celled animal uses only broken sponge-spicules of a particular shape, arranging them around its body in order of size, and selecting these from among a mixture of many sizes and shapes lying on the sea-floor. *Technitella* uses only the plate-like spicules from the skins of sea-cumbers, and shows great skill in placing these exactly to fit the surface of its own body. The sponge known as the Venus' Flower Basket, although many-celled, has neither brain nor nerves; yet it builds a skeleton which is a marvel of engineering construction. Moreover, the work is carried out

by cells having no obvious connection with each other, although working in close co-operation. When we watch the wheel-animalcule, *Melicerta*, we see a rhythmic movement, almost a ballet, as the animal places one pellet after another in position to build itself a home. The rhythm is less striking in the tube-building worms. Yet while we may speak of an artistry in these lowly forms, we must remember there is little freedom of action. Each worm and wheel-animalcule builds according to its kind; each spider builds the same pattern of web as all others of its species, and each shellfish makes a shell which is an infallible identity card.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAUNTING MATTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I AM not saying that the young American's confession to his father in "A Hatful of Rain" is going to make stage history. But it certainly adds to our vocabularies. "Pop, I'm a junky!" says the poor fellow who is a dope addict. And a whisper, not far away from me, said, "What?—What?—a jockey?", pardonable perhaps, but a trifle obtuse, since the word had already been bandied across the stage.

Dope dramas are an acquired pleasure that some playgoers are not passionately eager to acquire. A straightforward example, three decades or more ago, was called simply "Dope"—there is an amusing record of a tour of the play in a book called "Garret in Chelsea," by Patrick Brand. A few years ago, in London, we had a piece (under a more recondite title) so unconsciously comic that I chuckle still at the memory, and then stifle what maybe is mirth misplaced. Dope-taking is not funny; it cannot be. Yet scenes from this curious stuffed-owl drama must always linger. They go in the mind with such prized lines from my notebook as "It's a hot-bed of sharks. You let yourself be fleeced right and left," "Well happ'd on, brother-ranger of the brine!", and (from a verse play by a great poet), "Pertest of our flickering mob, Wouldst thou call my Oberon Ob?"

Doubtless "Pop, I'm a junky!" is another rich line; but I cannot laugh at it, because the play—whether it is edifying or not—haunts me. Several of my colleagues remain unhaunted. They find Michael V. Gazzo's piece a slow, repetitive, over-coloured picture of part of the American way of life. Probably; even so, it has an odd prickling fascination for me, doubtless because I am never likely to live in a New York apartment under the roar of the elevated railway—a selective roar at the Princes Theatre—waiting for the visit of three blackmailing drug pedlars. (Hastily, let me dispose of any ambiguity. I am not implying that my colleagues who dislike the piece, do so because the scene is familiar to them!)

The passage for the blackmailers during the third act fixes itself in the mind. It may be painfully slow; but the pace here is set deliberately by the dramatist who shows the three men "floating," as they call it, under the influence of dope. It is a brief macabre nightmare, and it is staged expertly by Sam Wanamaker, a master of atmospherics.

It is much easier to dismiss other parts of the play, the repetitive father-and-son business, for example. But for the sake of the scenes in which Bonar Colleano, as the "junky," is either in agony, or being threatened by the man to whom he pleads, I may not forget "A Hatful of Rain," certainly not its performances by Mr. Colleano, Sally Ann Howes as his wife, and Mr. Wanamaker himself as the protective brother who gets all the kicks.

I wondered during the interval what De Quincey would have felt if anyone had called him a "junky." Mr. Gazzo's Johnny did not see vast processions moving along in mournful pomp: "friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as stories drawn from times before Ædipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis." But I think Johnny would have known what De Quincey meant when he wrote of himself "agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered": both were haunted men.

I met, at Oxford, another haunted man: Christopher Marlowe's Dr. Faustus in an O.U.D.S. revival directed excitingly by Nevill Coghill, and spoken with either golden or mournful pomp—De Quincey, I thank thee for that word—by Vernon

Dobtcheff, the Faustus, and Jeffry Wickham, the Mephistophilis. Mr. Dobtcheff was the more self-conscious of the two, but he had a voice that one can call noble without straining the epithet. The apostrophe to Helen that rides off into the stars, can be sadly mishandled in the theatre. It is less than a decade since I heard

a famous actor speak it as if nothing in the world bored him more than the tedious creature that burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

None of this trouble at Oxford: we did get the wonder and the awe, though little can save the carnival-frolics with which Faustus and Mephistophilis wasted their time during twenty-four years. Professor Coghill and his cast whisked the piece on quickly enough for us not to be discouraged. "The state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles," said De Quincey, "amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words." Not in this "Faustus," thank goodness, though elsewhere I might have borrowed the phrases.

I have to admit that various "chasms and sunless abysses" were opening towards the end of "The Wit to Woo" at the Arts Theatre Club. Mervyn Peake we have known as a writer and artist of grotesque fancy. He might have been at home, also, with Peacock. One recalls the personage in "Nightmare Abbey" who occasionally "sprinkled salt on the wick of his solitary candle to make it burn blue." That could be from Peake as much as Peacock. Alas, at the Arts, I thought constantly of a pastiche of Fry, a blank-verse comedy with some wit but no staying-power and nothing of Fry's inspiration. An act was enough. After two we were hoping that Percy Trellis would win Sally Devius without more beating round the farcical-poetical bush.

We are in an "ancient country seat," cobwebs and owls included, apparently in Hampshire. (Sally is "such a nymph as Hampshire may not contemplate again.") There are undertakers and bailiffs, a "funeral" (watched by the man supposed to be the coffin), and much whimsical incident that hardly sustains our interest, though Colin Gordon and Zena Walker can act with spirit and authority, and Kenneth Williams, glib and suave, reminded me at the première of one of those useful valets in the classical tradition. The part tails off as the piece does. I will not say more about the imbroglio because its surprises, such as they are, should be left to the theatre. To enlarge on them must be, as a character says, "to paralyse the spine of our intrigue"—something, I fancy, that Shakespeare phrased as "We break the sinews of our plot."

In the matter of surprise, it is remarkable how Henri Becque's famous device in "La Parisienne" still holds (the play was produced in 1885). Although we are so accustomed to variations on the idea—what seems to be a husband accusing his wife turns out to be a lover accusing his mistress—the Palace audience responded to it as ever. (True, it has lost the rapture of 1885 when Parisians on the first night rose at "Prenez garde, voilà mon mari!" and applauded.) Edwige Feuillère is now acting Clotilde with an ease that is astonishing to watch—we know that it is ease bred of the most practised art—and the old realistic-ironic comedy wears its age with good cheer. "Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement," Mérimée's short play which follows, drags on too long; but

Feuillère goes acceptably to Peru as the courtesan who gives the coach to Lima Cathedral.

Really she ought to play something Chinese so that we can say she surveys the world with "extensive view"; but there must be a truce to fooling, for her next part is the haunted Phèdre, haunted not only as a character, but also by the great actresses of the past.



MERVYN PEAKE'S COMEDY: "THE WIT TO WOO" (ARTS THEATRE)—SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH SALLY DEVIUS (ZENA WALKER) RECEIVES THE ATTENTION OF THE "REBORN" PERCY TRELLIS (COLIN GORDON).



SET IN A COBWEBBED ANCIENT GOTHIC HOUSE: "THE WIT TO WOO"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH PERCY TRELLIS (COLIN GORDON) SHOWS HIS POTENTIAL AS AN ARTIST TO DR. WILLY (GEORGE HOWE), WHILE OLD MAN DEVIUS (WENSLEY PITHEY) AND KITE (KENNETH WILLIAMS) EXCHANGE A STARTLED GASP.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PHEDRE" (Palace).—Edwige Feuillère meets the full challenge of Racine: her first appearance in a famous part. (March 18.)

"THE OUTCAST" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—A new play, by Wyndham Mallock, about a woman, convicted of murder, who seeks a new life after years in prison. (March 19.)

"TOM" (New Lindsey).—A comedy of "growing up," by David Bird. (March 20.)

DUTCH, SCOTS, FRENCH AND ITALIAN: OLD MASTERS IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"THE PANTHEON," ONE OF FOUR LARGE PAINTINGS BY GIOVANNI PAOLO PANNINI (1691-c.1768) IN THE EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTER PAINTINGS AT LEONARD KOETSER'S, 13, DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S. (Oil on canvas; 39 by 53 ins.)



"A WOODY LANDSCAPE," BY JAN LIEVENS (1607-74). THIS IMPRESSIVE WORK WAS ONCE ATTRIBUTED TO REMBRANDT AND THEN TO ADRIAEN BROWER. THE FIGURES ARE ESPECIALLY STRIKING. (Oil on canvas; 38 by 61 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A BLUE DRESS"; A CHARMING PAINTING BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-84), WHO BECAME PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO GEORGE III IN 1767. (Oil on canvas; 35½ by 30 ins.)



(Above.)
"INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON, ROME"; ANOTHER OF THE FOUR WORKS BY PANNINI WHICH WERE ALL IN A SUSSEX COLLECTION FOR MANY YEARS. (Oil on canvas; 46 by 39 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE"; AN ENCHANTING PORTRAIT BY J.-B. GREUZE (1725-1805). THE ARTIST ORIGINALLY EXHIBITED IT AS A "VESTAL-VIRGIN." (Oil on canvas; oval, 22 by 18 ins.)



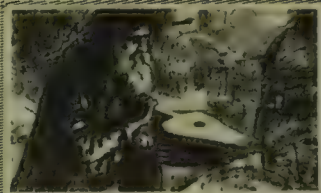
(Left.)
"FLOWERS IN A VASE," BY BALTHASAR VAN DER AST (1590-c.1656), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF AMBROSIUS BOSSCHAERT. BORN AT MIDDELBURG HE WORKED AT UTRECHT AND DELFT. (Oil on copper; 6½ by 9½ ins.)



"INTERIOR OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL," BY PIETER NEEFFS (1578-1656) AND FRANS FRANCKEN (1581-1642). FRANCKEN PAINTED THE FIGURES. (Oil on panel; 43½ by 31 ins.)

The exhibition of Old Master paintings at the Leonard Koetser Gallery, which continues until April 19, includes works of a variety of schools and periods. One of the outstanding paintings is the "Frozen River Scene," by Hendrick Avercamp, which Mr. Koetser recently acquired at Sotheby's for £17,000—a record price for a work by this artist. The four large paintings by the Italian artist Giovanni Paolo Pannini make a striking group. Pannini was born

at Piacenza, but went to Rome at an early age. Here he was strongly influenced by Salvator Rosa, rather than by his teachers, Andrea Locatelli and Benedetto Luti. The ancient monuments of Rome made a profound impression on him and often provided the material for his architectural compositions. The "Interior of the Pantheon" is an especially fine example of Pannini's work, showing this artist's mastery in the painting of figures and buildings.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



OF course, I know quite a fair amount about weasels; that is to say, of the one known as the European weasel, although it extends also into Asia. The male is 9 to 10 ins. long, with a 2-in. tail, and the female is so much smaller than the male that the two were formerly regarded as separate species, the female being spoken of as the cane. The colour of the fur is a reddish-brown, with white or yellow on the throat and underparts, and white on the paws. The body is long and slender and the legs short, and the animal proceeds by short leaps, stopping every now and then to sit up on its haunches to take stock of its surroundings. And so one could go on, describing what the weasel looks like, reciting also the little we know of the animal's behaviour, as one book after another has been doing for the last two centuries. If we read these in chronological order, it is surprising how little our knowledge of the weasel has advanced in that time. The main change seems to be in the spelling of the name, which was, up to little more than a century ago, given as "weesel."

The origin of the name is obscure. It is said to be from the Anglo-Saxon "wesle," and it is suggested that the root of this word has something to do with a meadow. The habitat of the weasel includes, nevertheless, hedge-rows, woods, rocky country, in fact, almost anywhere. Its resting-places, and its breeding nests, are equally varied, in a hollow tree, in rotten stumps, a hole in a bank or among stones, among leaf litter or in a dry ditch.

During the last five years, I have particularly looked for weasels, and the results have been disappointing. Seeing their carcasses on keepers' gibbets cannot be counted as seeing them: it is the live beast only that I am concerned with, and although many of the rustlings in the undergrowth may have been caused by this agile carnivore, actual sight of it has been relatively rare. Even then, when I have had a full view of one of them, the vision of it has been fleeting. Either I am a poor observer, or I have been singularly unlucky, or it is the case that, as is sometimes asserted, weasels are becoming rare in this country. Certainly the older writers appear to describe them with a confidence and in a detail which wanes as we pass through the literature to the present day. Even as late as the early years of this present century, weasels are described as plentiful everywhere.

HOW GOES THE WEASEL?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

It is usual to blame the decline on killings by gamekeepers. Game preserves themselves have, however, tended to decline in number and extent for some years now. Even in their heyday they could not have been so numerous, in proportion

to the total area of the countryside, as to make such serious inroads into the numbers of so common an animal. We can, perhaps, match these things against others more positive. Thus, more than a million moles, as shown by the number of skins marketed, are killed each year, and still their numbers are apparently unimpaired, except in the neighbourhood of towns. After several years of a campaign aimed at the total extermination of the grey squirrel, constant vigilance is needed to keep it within bounds in any given area. It seems difficult to believe, therefore, that persecution alone is responsible for the decline of the weasel.

My guess would be that we have to think of this in two ways: of an apparent decline in numbers, and a real decline. I started off by saying that I know a fair amount about weasels. Now that I stop to recall

one walked or cycled along the roads, or went at a jog-trot in a horse-drawn vehicle. Whatever the mode of progression, one had time to observe and the wild-life had time to cross a road in a leisurely manner to be observed. To-day it is very different; and even away from the main roads, almost everything is motorised, which means greater speed and more noise. Weasels are naturally secretive; they are also sensitive and intelligent; and in spite of a natural and strongly-developed inquisitiveness, they are more likely to keep out of sight, even from those who cultivate a leisurely search for them, because of the continual disturbance alone. So it may be that we have less leisure to observe, because we are all moving about more quickly, and the animals show themselves less often because of the bustle around them.

It is possible that this guess is wholly wrong and that there has been a real reduction in the weasels. If so, then we must look elsewhere for a cause. The skins are marketable, which may cause a continuous persecution, a slow attrition which is difficult to estimate. This is probably assisted also by the weasel's reputation, which few of the writers that I have consulted have failed to put into words, of being a bloodthirsty killer. In fact, if the weasel is as bad as it is described we should be thankful, for these same writers assure us that its main food is rats, mice and voles, with moles and shrews as runners-up, and with birds and rabbits also included. If, then, we are infested with rats and mice, we have ourselves largely to blame.

Thinking back once more to squirrels and moles, not to mention the constant war we wage against rats and mice, with only moderate success, it seems we must look for some other cause than continued persecution to account for the diminishing weasel. It cannot be a shortage of food, if rats and mice form its staple diet. It cannot be a low rate of reproduction, since there are two litters a year of four to five young in each. This seems to lead to the conclusion, supported by evidence from other quarters, that predatory animals are singularly vulnerable to natural circumstances, even under the most favourable conditions.

Carnivores have this disadvantage as compared with herbivores, that they have to catch their food. This is an obvious remark, but it has wide implications. They may be endowed with a natural sharpness of wit, speed in movement and alert senses, but they have to learn to use all these, and to co-ordinate them in action against a prey almost equally ready to seek escape. This combination gives a bias against the young more especially. It seems highly likely that, in spite of a prolonged parental care, which includes teaching, either by example or by intent, in the art of hunting, there may be a critical period for the young carnivore when it first leaves the parent. If during this period, while it is learning how to live, there is a particularly high vulnerability, then persecution by man will have an unusually devastating effect.

Unfortunately, we can do no more than theorise. No one person can have more than a local knowledge of the numbers of so secretive and elusive an animal. But it looks very much as if increasing human settlement of the land is driving the weasel

into smaller and smaller areas, while, at the same time, the heavy impact of persecution, from prejudice or for profit, is added to natural hazards. Yet I still feel that there must be plenty of weasels left and that they may be keeping out of our way more than they used to do.



RISE ON ITS HAUNCHES FOR A BETTER LOOK AT WHATEVER IS HAPPENING: THE WEASEL, LIKE ALL THE MEMBERS OF ITS TRIBE (THE *MUSTELIDAE*), HAS A STRONG SENSE OF CURIOSITY AND NOT ONLY WHEN HUNTING, BUT EVEN WHEN ALARMED AND SEEKING TO ESCAPE IT WILL PAUSE EVERY SO OFTEN TO RISE ON ITS HAUNCHES AND LOOK AROUND.



LONG IN THE BODY AND SHORT IN THE LEG: THE WEASEL, WHICH MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE GRASS AND UNDERGROWTH, EXPOSING LITTLE MORE THAN THE TOP OF ITS HEAD. SO QUICKLY DOES IT MOVE, AND SO WELL HIDDEN IS IT, THAT WE SHOULD STAND LITTLE CHANCE OF SEEING IT, EXCEPT ON EXPOSED GROUND, BUT FOR ITS EXTREME INQUISITIVENESS. (Photographs by Neave Parker.)

what is meant by this remark, it resolves itself into the fact that I have during my lifetime seen them on a number of occasions. Moreover, in trying to be more precise in these recollections, it seems that these occasions were more numerous forty or fifty years ago. Then,

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA: THE ISRAELI FOREIGN MINISTER'S VISIT.

On March 17 Mrs. Golda Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister, arrived in the United States. She was to ask Mr. Dulles, who returned to America at the same time from Australia, how the President and Administration would fulfil their pledges on Israel's security now that Egypt has re-entered the Gaza Strip. The United States sanctioned the Egyptian re-entry into Gaza.



A LOSER WHO WINS £46,000: MR. VAN DOREN (RIGHT) DEFEATED BY MRS. NEARING (CENTRE) IN AMERICAN TV QUIZ.

On March 12 Mr. Charles Van Doren was defeated in the American commercial television quiz game, "Twenty-One," by Mrs. Nearing. Although this cost him 14,000 dollars, he nevertheless won £46,000, a large proportion of which is expected to go in taxes. Mr. Van Doren had previously tied with Mrs. Nearing.



SOUTH AFRICAN ELDER STATESMAN: THE LATE MR. N. HAVENGA.

Mr. Nicolaas C. Havenga, who died in Cape Town on March 13 aged seventy-four, was a much-loved elder statesman and a warm supporter of the British Commonwealth. He was Minister of Finance of the Union of South Africa from 1924-39 and from 1948-54. In 1941 he took over the leadership of the Afrikaner Party, but in 1954 he retired from politics.



(Left.)

A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS: THE LATE MISS LENA ASHWELL. Miss Lena Ashwell, who was an actress of great sincerity and force, died on March 13, aged eighty-four. She first came to the forefront as Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" in 1900. During the First World War she did valuable work entertaining the forces at the front. She later supported many charitable causes.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES KILLED IN AN AIR CRASH: MR. MAGSAYSAY.

Mr. Ramon Magsaysay, the widely-supported President of the Philippines since 1953, was killed in an air crash in the central Philippines on March 17. He was a successful partisan leader against the Japanese. Following a term as military governor of a province, he entered the Philippine Congress, becoming Minister of Defence, and had quelled a serious Communist uprising.

(Right.)

AN ITALIAN RACING DRIVER IS KILLED: E. CASTELLOTTI.

Eugenio Castellotti, one of the world's most promising racing drivers, was killed at Modena motordrome, Italy, on March 14 when the Ferrari in which he was practising overturned. He was twenty-six. Last year Castellotti was the Italian champion, and among other events won the Mille Miglia. He was practising for a race in the United States.



(Left.)

A LOSS TO THE FOOTBALL WORLD: MR. GEORGE ALLISON.

Mr. George Allison, who was manager of Arsenal Football Club from 1934 to 1947, died at the age of seventy-three on March 13. After working as a journalist, he later became famous as one of the B.B.C.'s earliest and most gifted Soccer commentators. As manager of Arsenal he proved his great showmanship and business acumen.

ATTACKED IN HIS PALACE: PRESIDENT BATISTA OF CUBA.

On March 13, police, reinforced by tanks and troops, put down an attempt made by student-led rebels to storm the Presidential Palace in Havana and to capture or kill President Batista. The President, who came to power in a military coup in 1952, directed the counter-attack by telephone. It was reported that forty people were killed.



A WORLD SPEED RECORD PRESENTATION: MR. PETER TWISS (RIGHT) AND MR. AUBREY JONES (LEFT).

On March 12 Mr. Peter Twiss, the test pilot who last year set up a new world speed record of 1132 m.p.h., was presented with a replica of the Segrave Trophy by the Minister of Supply, Mr. Aubrey Jones. The presentation was made at the Royal Automobile Club. Mr. Peter Twiss established the new world speed record in a single-engined Fairey Delta jet aircraft.



AN EMINENT CRITIC AND AUTHOR DIES: MR. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Mr. John Middleton Murry, the critic and author, died at the age of sixty-seven on March 13. He became well known for his works of literary criticism, and for his theoretical writings on Christianity, Communism and Pacifism. He edited a number of journals; and helped to form the Independent Socialist Party.



COMMANDING THE DANISH FORCE AT GAZA: COLONEL ENGHOLM.

Colonel Carl Engholm is commanding the Danish contingent of the United Nations Emergency Force in the Gaza Strip. America has offered Israel economic aid in the hope Israel will allow U.N. patrols on their side of the border, thus depriving Egypt of a unilateral veto over the presence of the U.N. Force.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MOTHER DIES: PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Duchess of Kent's mother and an aunt by marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh, died on March 14. She was the only daughter of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. Her husband, Prince Nicholas, died in 1938. During the war she worked in hospitals in occupied Greece and helped resistance groups. [Portrait by "Harlip"]



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE SUN AND SIXPENCE.

By ALAN DENT.

IT burst upon me one day in the early 'twenties—when I was a young student at Glasgow and was beguiled by the words "IMPORTANT IMPRESSIONISTS" into a gallery run by one Eugene Cremetti—that Vincent Van Gogh was obviously a painter to be reckoned with for the rest of my existence. I discern from old diaries that he seemed to me as urgent and intense an artist as William Blake in poetry or, come to that, in painting itself. It had never before occurred to me that one might look upon painted canvas and immediately hear corn ripening, and grass growing, and the sun roaring as well as blazing, and the stars in the night sky exploding instead of being content to shine in quietude. His portraits then, and even now, seemed to me to be less remarkable. They were, of course, wonderful, but comparable to the portraits of Cézanne and Degas, whereas the landscapes stormed my senses as being something quite incomparable.

Let me, speaking strictly as a layman—and as one who, in painting at least, has never quite known what he likes, or why he likes it—declare that it was then, and it still is, the sheer noise of Van Gogh's landscapes that most enthralled me about him. The sea (which he painted too seldom) shouts out about its love of the shore; the trees shriek and scream about their passion for the soil which keeps them growing; the ripe wheat yells out that it longs to be harvested; the very skies, whether tranquil or disturbed, tingle or rumble their messages from eternal space.



"LUST FOR LIFE," THE DEEPLY COMMENDABLE FILM OF VAN GOGH'S CAREER: A SCENE SHOWING VAN GOGH (KIRK DOUGLAS) EXPLAINING SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS TO PAUL GAUGUIN (ANTHONY QUINN; RIGHT) AT ARLES. (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, MARCH 8.)

Is there, in short, something "crackers" about my worship (undeclared these thirty years and more) of this tremendous and never-silent painter? The answer is that this human god was more than somewhat "crackers" in himself and that he calls out aloud for a touch of madness in his devotees. He is a little blinding—as well as a little deafening in the way I have been indicating. He is also more than a little alarming. I have never for any length of time tried to live with a Van Gogh reproduction (much less an original!). He is altogether too disturbing for me, too impressive an Impressionist. He was, at the heart of him, a sun-worshipper who vanished into the sun. More than once when looking at supreme examples of Van Gogh—in London or Washington or Stockholm—I have had the demented notion that if one gazed too long at this painter's painted sun, one might vanish into it in the same way.

All this nonsense drops from my pen because I have just been seeing "Lust for Life," the deeply commendable film of Van Gogh's career, directed by Vincente Minnelli, produced by John Houseman, and carried out in unquestionably good and faithful colour. No one who admires Van Gogh—and he is said to-day to have more admirers than almost any other major painter—can afford not to see this film. It misses what I have been trying to describe as the music of his painting, largely because too much actual orchestral music, not particularly inspired, has been imposed upon it. But a very remarkable

and notably successful effort has been made to catch the subtlety as well as the actuality of Van Gogh's colour, and we see a huge number of his actual canvases enlarged and not destroyed in the process. These are photographs of the actual pictures chosen from many galleries throughout the world.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KIRK DOUGLAS AS VINCENT VAN GOGH IN M.-G.-M.'S "LUST FOR LIFE" WHICH IS DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Kirk Douglas, now to be seen in 'Lust for Life,' is not the best actor who ever came out of Hollywood. The recent film, 'Ulysses,' for example, in which he played the wandering husband of Penelope, must have strengthened the decision of many young film-goers never to look any further into Homer in any shape, form, or translation. But his intense and often brilliant characterisation of Van Gogh in this new film is a very different matter. He plays the extremely difficult and often unsympathetic part with a fire and a fervency we have never before suspected in him—and with a quality and urgency considerably deeper than that facial resemblance to the great painter which the make-up artists of M.-G.-M. have marvellously heightened."

Moreover, the biographical scenes were made in the places where Van Gogh spent his existence—in Holland and Belgium, in Paris and Provence, and at the village near Paris where he finally took his own life in a fit of insanity.

The film has other unusual virtues. It makes none of the usual romantic nonsense out of the life of its hero.

Van Gogh did not discover his own gifts until he had failed miserably as an evangelical preacher in a mining community in Belgium. The film makes this clear. Van Gogh was a sinister-looking red-headed man who was rejected summarily by one of the few women he ever cared for, and who then took a draggletail into his home to act as model, housekeeper and general what-have-you. The film makes all this no less clear. Van Gogh found his true vocation and reached his peak-period at Arles, in Provence. Here he was visited by Paul Gauguin, whom he had already known in Paris. The two had a quarrel which resulted in Van Gogh's first attack of dementia. All this, too, we are shown, and we are even given quite a stretch of argument—excellent so long as it lasts—about the

nature of painting, between these two artists who saw life so similarly and art so differently. Another major virtue, greatly helping this rare verisimilitude, is that we hear many of Vincent's letters to his loyal brother Theo read aloud, quite quietly and tellingly, while we are watching Vincent himself trying to rest or restlessly working. These letters—as all the reading world knows—are immensely revealing.

The film, finally, has been cast with great care and astuteness and, in the case of Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh himself, with inspiration. Frankly, I did not think Mr. Douglas had it in him. He obeys brilliant direction—and has conformed to no less brilliant make-up experts—to give the illusion that we are watching not an actor but the impulsive, possessed, burning, dedicated artist himself. Anthony Quinn has the right fleshy physique for Gauguin, and the slut Christine is in the safe and clever hands of Pamela Brown. You might call the three of them the Sun and the Moon and Sixpence. Incidentally, the novel on which this film is based may not be so good a novel as Mr. Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," based on the life of Gauguin. But it seems to me to serve adequately.

Other films have come my way in the interim. I have seen Sidney Franklin's remake of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Sir John Gielgud looking haughty and not at all pleased with himself as old Mr. Barrett who loved his daughter not wisely but too well. However, Sir John does not get too much in the way of one of the world's most irresistible love-stories. The one who *does* get in the way is Bill Travers, the stalwart Scottish young actor of "Geordie" fame, who has been cast for Robert Browning though he looks as though he could hardly finish a limerick much less begin "The Ring and the Book." This is Geordie Browning, not Robert. Jennifer Jones as "Ba" is sweet, and Virginia McKenna as her wee sister is sweeter still. I have seen, too, a French effort called "And Woman Was Created," in which that last word in fondlesome kittens, Brigitte Bardot, plays a St. Tropez hussy who marries into a family of shipwrights and cannot decide which brother she really ought to have married. Alone in the audience I giggled instead of gasping at the end when the young thing's husband gave her a couple of hard slaps and made her instantaneously realise that he really was the one she loved the best.

But I found myself haunted by the clamant colours of "Lust for Life" all through these



"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"—A SCENE FROM THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION, DIRECTED BY SIDNEY FRANKLIN, SHOWING (L. TO R.) HENRIETTA (VIRGINIA MCKENNA), ELIZABETH (JENNIFER JONES) AND MR. BARRETT (SIR JOHN GIELGUD). (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, FEBRUARY 28.)

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"TRUE AS A TURTLE" (Generally Released; March 18).—Popular farce set to the formula of "Genevieve," but with an unreliable boat as heroine instead of an aged motor-car. Moderately rapturous.

"THE RAINMAKER" (Generally Released; March 18).—Burt Lancaster as a wandering wizard brings rain to a dried-up prairie and love to the heart of Katharine Hepburn. A much more interesting film than any such summary can make it sound.

"KISMET" (Generally Released; March 18).—Everyone will profit by this Oriental fantasy except poor old Borodin (died 1887), whose melodies are much lovelier than the material to which they have been applied.

divertissements. The film begins superbly with a sudden close-up of the sun as Van Gogh painted it at Arles in 1888. It is in the canvas called "The Sower," which shows a glowing brown tree sprawling diagonal-wise across the picture, and shooting one thin branch right across the face of that huge, obstreperous sun. I am indebted to this film for making me search out and re-relish this masterpiece. I am, moreover, indebted to it for two hours of quite shattering and exciting entertainment.

MATTERS MARITIME; AND AN AIRCRAFT STORAGE PROBLEM SOLVED.



THE FIRST HELICOPTER CARRIER TO BE BUILT FOR THE FRENCH NAVY: A MODEL OF THE VESSEL WHICH WILL BE USED IN PEACETIME AS A TRAINING SHIP TO REPLACE THE *JEANNE D'ARC*, SCHEDULED TO BE DISCARDED IN 1960-61.



SOLVING A PROBLEM FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE: SPLIT-LEVEL HANGAR DOORS FITTED TO THE HANGAR IN WHICH GIANT B-52 BOMBERS ARE STORED. The problem of storing the U.S. Air Force's huge *Boeing B-52* heavy bombers has been solved at Larson Air Force Base, Moses Lake, Washington, where this hangar with split-level doors has been built. The doors for the tail assembly and wings telescope into the top of the hangar.



AN "ABDOMINAL OPERATION" ON A TANKER: THE NEW MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY'S TANKER *ESSO GLASGOW*, AFTER ITS RECENT LAUNCH AT MESSRS. HARLAND AND WOLFF'S SHIPYARD IN BELFAST.



BEING PREPARED FOR ITS NEW MIDSHIP SECTION: THE STERN PORTION OF THE TANKER *ESSO GLASGOW* IN THE THOMPSON GRAVING DOCK AT BELFAST. The Esso Petroleum Company's tanker *Esso Glasgow* is undergoing a major operation in the course of which it will be fitted with a new midship section. This 310-ft.-long section is necessary as the tanker is being switched from deep-sea working to United Kingdom coastal trade.



THE LARGEST YET TO HAVE BEEN BUILT OF GLASS FIBRE: A LIFE-BOAT CARRIED BY THE ORIENT LINER *ORONSAY* (28,000 TONS) WHEN SHE LEFT TILBURY FOR AUSTRALIA. When the Orient liner *Oronsay* left Tilbury for Australia on March 17 her lifeboats included the largest yet built of glass fibre. It is a prototype of twenty which are to be carried by the company's *Oriana*, which is due to make her maiden voyage in 1960. The lifeboat will carry 144 people.



DURING TESTS: THE GLASS FIBRE LIFEBOAT WHICH CAN CARRY 144 PEOPLE IS EASY TO CLEAN AND MAINTAIN AND CANNOT CORRODE OR ROT. IT HAS NO SEAMS TO OPEN IN DRY WEATHER. ALL CONTAINERS FOR WATER, PROVISIONS AND FUEL ARE ALSO OF GLASS FIBRE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO-DAY the historical novel is, almost admittedly, in full bloom again; but "historical romance" has still an old-fashioned ring. All the same it precisely fits "*The Dark Stranger*," by Dorothy Charques (John Murray; 18s.), which has nothing old-fashioned about it. Nor yet anything hazy or secondhand. The action is strictly framed in history, taking in just over a year, from the tail end of Dunbar to the aftermath of Worcester (which appears at full length). It is beautifully rounded, starting at once with the "dark stranger's" flight from the battlefield in the mist, and materialisation in Cherryburn Great Wood, and making a wide and perfect sweep to its happy ending in the same wood. And it might very reasonably be called exciting. In the foreground we have mystery and ambush, poison and the rope, a heroine setting out in men's clothes, by a secret tunnel under a marsh, on a journey to the "dead centre of England" and the heart of battle. And behind it all, as the main theme, is a "conspiracy of witchcraft." Cherryburn House in Northumberland, where Elizabeth Devize lives with her aunt, Dame Alys Cuttler, between marsh and wood, is really a witch's manor. And the witches are part of the conflict; their society is royalist.

Yet it is hardly excitement one feels. Instead, and from the first page, the tale has an aura of vision and self-existence. It seems to have been there all along, closed in its own element, and to emerge rather than be told. And of course the element is romantic. The young girl brought up in solitude by a witch is the Birdalone of romance; the young Parliament captain, William Swallow, is the knight of romance. Yet they have both a perfectly fresh, daylight quality. The war scenes—for example, on the roads leading to Worcester, and in Worcester itself—are so physically real that one forgets to be struck by them as an evocation. Yet at the same time, in this context of violence and even horror, there is a pervasive charm. Partly it is a charm of fresh air and countryside; partly it is a function of style and detail. The toad's heart "pounds in the over-heated room"; the girl under interrogation sees herself "unpleasantly dwarfed" in the Roundhead's cuirass. But deeper still, underlying these loving minutiae and surface beauties, is the quality of mercy. All the good people are attractive; the bad ones are not repellent, and even the wicked are not hateful. Dame Alys, a victim of loneliness and self-will, can be pitied and even admired; while crazy old Martha Demdike, earthed in the dark of the wood with Tiffen, her toad, is positively endearing.

OTHER FICTION.

"*The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock*," by Gerald Bullett (Dent; 15s.), must be described as pastiche: humorous pastiche. Its Victorian family, living in the "green middle of England," in a middle station, and a "warm if unthinking solidarity," is clearly too average to be true. Papa, a solicitor by profession, has also bucolic interests, and an eye for the absurd; Mama can't see a joke, but by virtue of her office is always right. Julia, the eldest daughter, takes after her, and has taken her as a model; while Sarah, like her Papa, is inclined to mock, and the youngest, Catherine, to rebel. But only within the limits of family affection and girlish niceness. As for the subject—there can be only one. For each girl there is a snag: Julia would scruple to leave Mama, Sarah is not very pretty, and, worst of all, Catherine's prospect has "entangled himself."

In this Victorian scene, Papa has a distinct likeness to Mr. Bennet, while Sarah (less happily) recalls Elizabeth Bennet; I also thought of Miss Compton-Burnett. But in the main there is perfect keeping; and unless you scorn pastiche altogether, it is a delightful story—deft, various and amusing.

With "*Ice-Cold in Alex*," by Christopher Landon (Heinemann; 15s.), we return to—almost—the present day; this is a war thriller of high distinction. It opens just before the fall of Tobruk. Captain Anson of the R.A.S.C. is detailed to take a couple of nurses back to Alex. He and his staunch follower M.S.M. Pugh set out in an ambulance named *Katy*. The Germans are already across the road. One of the girls is hysterical. To avoid capture, they are driven further and further south—and finally, right through the Qattara Depression. A heroic tale; the personal drama is exciting and the desert wonderful.

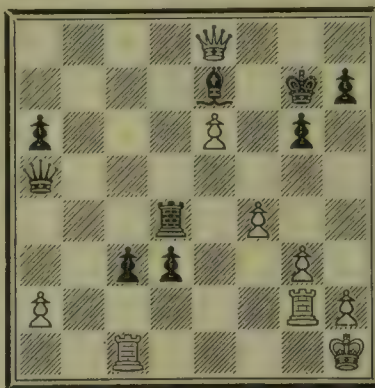
The narrator of "*The Three Wives*," by Alex Fraser (Bles; 11s. 6d.), is a civil servant, living near Guildford, and next door to Geoffrey Culmin, who was once his brother-in-law. Geoff's first wife Cleo was sister to Adam's wife Fedora. Cleo died suddenly after bronchitis; later, Fedora vanished without a word; and Geoff, the dimmest of men, found a contented "clockwork" wife who just suits him. Yet now clockwork Monica seems to have walked out. Adam can't make sense of it; but Monica's niece says flatly: "Of course, he killed her—just as he killed the other two." This is the beginning of an excellent story, with the air of a straight story (but no airs), and with a nasty streak of improbable realism.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE (Berlin-born) Argentine master, H. Pilnik, has disclosed to a French chess magazine some amusing details of his game against the New Zealander, R. G. Wade, in the last international team tournament at Moscow.

WADE (Black).



PILNIK (White).

Their game was, it seems, adjourned in the situation diagrammed.

On examining the position in private, Pilnik discovered to his consternation that if his opponent had sealed the natural and obvious 41... Q-Q1, he was totally lost. He could try 42. Q-B7ch, K-R3, but now 43. R×P—or, indeed, any other remotely rational move—would lose to 43... P-Q7.

(41... Q-Q1); 42. Q-B6 might prolong the game a little but after 42... P-Q7 (best); 43. R-Q1, R-Q6, White's pieces are so passively placed, and Black's pawns so strong, that White has not a hope of saving the game in the long run.

So Pilnik turned up for the resumption next day in a pretty dispirited frame of mind—to find to his astonishment that Wade had not sealed 41... Q-Q1 at all, but

41. Q-Kt5?

Pilnik, though allowed only one hour for his next sixteen moves, thought for half an hour over this, then played

42. Q-B7ch K-R1

Both players decided 42... K-R3 would lose, because of

43. P-KR4! P-Q7; 44. R(Br)-KKtr, P-Q8(Q); 45. P-Kt4! Q×KtP; 46. R×Q, Q-Kt2ch; 47. R(Ktr)-Kt2, R-Q8ch; 48. K-R2, Q-K5 (to parry the mate threatened by 49. R×Pch); 49. Q×B and wins.

In this, if 45... Q×Rch; then 46. K×Q, Q-Kt8ch; 47. K-R2, and the threat of 48. P-Kt5 brooks no answer.

43. P-QR3!

And not 43. R×P? because of 43... Q-Kt8ch; 44. R-Ktr, Q-Kt2ch; 45. R-Kt2, P-Q7, and Black wins. After 43... Q×R, on the other hand, White could force perpetual check.

Now the game was suddenly agreed drawn because, as both players saw, Black has nothing better than 43... Q-Q3; 44. R×P, P-Q7; 45. R-B8ch, B-Q1 when White can give perpetual check, starting 46. Q-B6ch.

Any other move 43 by Black's attacked queen would lose, e.g., 43... Q×P? 44. R×P! Q×R; 45. Q-K8ch, K-Kt2 (best); 46. Q×Bch, K-R3 (again obviously the only chance); 47. Q-B8ch, K-R4; 48. P-Kt4ch and mate next move.

An episode which gives just a passing glimpse of the strains and complexities of master chess!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON GREECE AND GERMANY, AND TWO BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS.

LORD KINROSS recently scored a notable success as a writer on the Eastern Mediterranean with his book "*Europa Minor*." Now, in combination with Dimitri, the photographer, he brings off a double with "*Portrait of Greece*" (Max Parrish; 35s.). As he writes: "The essence of Greece lies in its light and its landscapes. The light of the Eastern Mediterranean pours down with a lucid, liquid clarity over a mountainous land, cleft into two halves and innumerable fragments by an invading, glittering sea. It is a land of islands and all but islands: peninsulas of clean, chiselled rock jutting seawards, flinging before them chains of islands reft from the parent mountains; 'peninsulas' of fertility, coiling inland, valleys and plains walled in by their massive, rough-hewn ranges. Luminous in colour, bold in form, Greece is a land without half-tones, now harsh, now luxuriant, perennially warmed by radiant sunlight and cooled by vigorous winds. Clear of the mist and the low skies, the pale diffused light and the muted tones of the Western Mediterranean, it is a land looking east, towards earlier sources of culture. It is a land which has nourished successively two of Europe's three great civilisations." A great deal of that colour, though not always that blinding clarity, has been captured in the beautiful colour photographs which make this book something out of the ordinary in the history of travel literature. The Parthenon, for example, seen through the columns of the Propylæ; those vast gypsum columns which support the entrance to the Hall of the Double Axes at Knossos; the photo-portrait of the Bishop of Salonica; or the face of the fisherman of Ægina; all these subjects are as varied and as finely done as anything I have ever seen. Only occasionally do the photographs fall short of the expectations of the Hellenophile traveller. Those, for example, of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi and that other lovely ruin, the Temple of Athena, are charming enough but they give the impression of being taken on a slightly misty, if fine, spring day in the Cotswolds. They do not convey the exciting clarity of that most numinous of spots. But such a photograph as that of Athens as seen from the top of the cliff of the Acropolis is quite outstanding. It hints in visual form at something of the vitality of the city, of which Lord Kinross writes: "At night it spreads out from the foot of the Acropolis, the life of it surging, the sound of it lapping around the silent moonlit rock. Right up to the foot of it sprawls the Plaka, an unending, moving jigsaw of light and darkness, the rambling quarter, part village, part slum, which survives from Turkish times. Bright in the daylight, beneath its red-tiled roofs, with clothes-lines, pot-flowers, pedlars' wares, its courtyards and streets are now wedges and fissures of light, from which distinctive sounds—the cry of a child, the bray of a donkey, the bark of a dog—drift upwards." Lord Kinross, as usual, writes in the elegant and soothing style in which scholarship, acute observation and wit are so finely blended.

Only a few photographs, alas! of Mr. Martin Hürlimann's "*Germany*" (Thames and Hudson; 50s.) are in colour. For this greatest of European photographers—certainly of inanimate objects—is at his best in that medium. However, few will quarrel with the excellence of the black-and-white prints, over 200 of them, which make this book a worthy continuation of his "*Spain*" and other works. Few countries are so patterned by their geographical characteristics as Germany, and few have preserved more traces of their history in landscape and castle, cottage and town. "From Bonn on the Rhine to Breslau on the Oder," writes Mr. Stewart Thomson, "from Hamburg in the north to Constance in the south the centuries have left imprints which even the Thirty Years War in the seventeenth or the thousand-bomber raids of the twentieth century failed to erase." The rich variety of the German city, town or small village, from the mediæval houses of Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber to the modern German-American town of rebuilt Frankfurt, has been admirably caught by the lens of Mr. Hürlimann's camera.

The richness and diversity of Canadian art collections may come as a surprise to the English reader. Our ignorance stands corrected by "*European Paintings in Canadian Collections—Earlier Schools*," edited and with an essay by R. H. Hubbard (Oxford University Press; 60s.). Under the influence of that remarkable figure in art and finance, Sir William Van Horne, some of the Canadian collections, particularly the National Gallery (of which Mr. Hubbard who supplies the text, is the Chief Curator), became as rich as some of the finest collections in Europe and the United States. In this beautifully produced and satisfyingly annotated book, Mr. Hubbard makes a notable contribution to our knowledge of European art as it is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic.

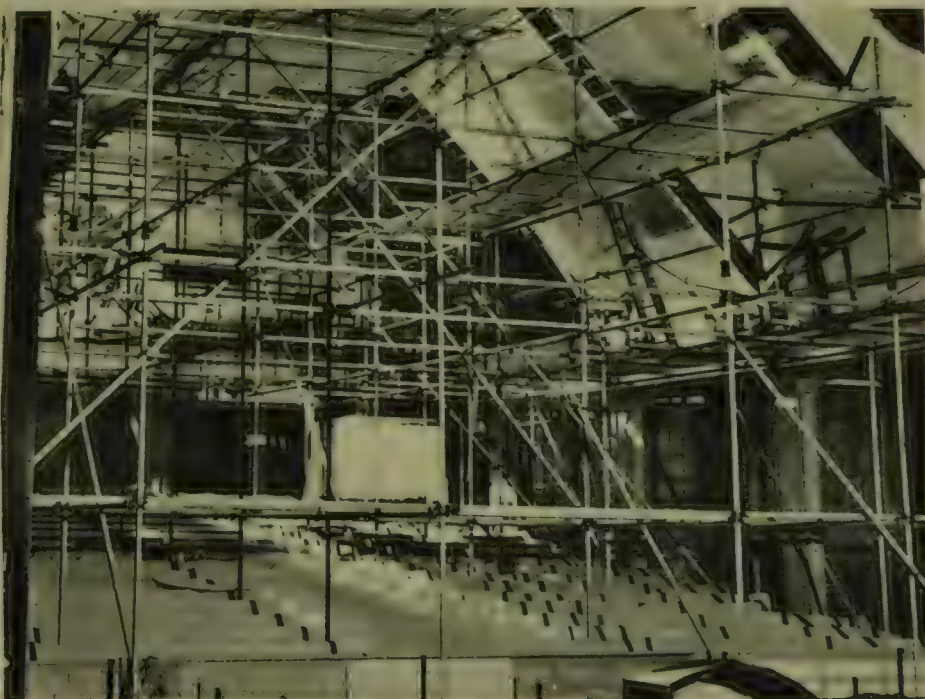
I fear I have left myself little space to deal with a pleasant book, "*Collector's Progress*," by Stanley W. Fisher (Joseph; 16s.). This is a human and lightly written book on the joys of collecting antiques, which nevertheless contains "some shrewd and wise reflections on the ways of the trade which the would-be collector would do well to study with care."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

FROM *MAYFLOWER II* TO AN ESCAPED SNAKE: NEWS ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



RESTORED AND NOW TO BE USED FOR EXHIBITIONS AND CONCERTS: THE GREAT HALL AT ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON. THE HALL WAS REOPENED BY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF MIDDLESEX, SIR FREDERICK HANDLEY PAGE, ON MARCH 12.



UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS TO INCREASE THE SEATING CAPACITY AND TO IMPROVE THE ACOUSTICS: THE AUDITORIUM OF GLYNDEBOURNE. THIS YEAR'S SEASON BEGINS ON JUNE 11.



PART OF THE AMERICAN NETWORK FOR MILITARY SUPPLIES IN SPAIN: A GRANITE CAVE WHICH IS TO HOLD MOTOR FUEL.

A cave at El Ferrol, in Spain, is to be converted into a store for motor fuel as part of an American network of supply bases. The network includes a 475-mile-long pipeline, to carry petroleum products, running from the naval base at Rota in the south-west to Zaragoza in the north.



A GERMAN GENERAL INSPECTING A NEW TYPE OF MACHINE-GUN AT A RECENT MILITARY DEMONSTRATION IN GERMANY. COLONEL SPEIDEL (R.) IS RELATED TO THE GERMAN N.A.T.O. COMMANDER.



"BAIT" TO LURE HOME AN ESCAPED MALE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR: MARILYN, A FEMALE.

On March 12 a male boa-constructor escaped from a pet shop in Eltham, south-east London. At the time of writing he had not been found in spite of efforts to lure him home by bringing a female to the shop.



EXCLUDED FROM THE SHIPBUILDERS' STRIKE: *MAYFLOWER II* IN HER DRY DOCK AT BRIXHAM, DEVON.

Mayflower II, the replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship which is soon to sail to the United States, was excluded from the general strike of shipbuilders which began on March 16. *Mayflower II* will soon leave her dry dock and she is expected at Cape Cod on May 25.



A SPECTACULAR DEMOLITION: THE TOWER OF THE CITY HALL AT NAVASOTA CITY, TEXAS, COLLAPSING DURING THE DEMOLITION OF THE HALL, WHICH IS BEING REMOVED TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW ONE.



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For by the time flea beetle attack is obvious, damage to a brassica crop is frequently too extensive for the crop to be saved and the farmer must re-sow. In a bad spring—before modern methods of control were discovered—a farmer might re-sow cabbage, kale, turnips, swedes, broccoli or other brassicas three or four times; and the later the sowing, the lighter the crop.

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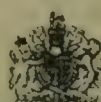


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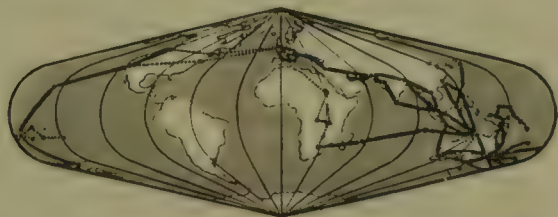
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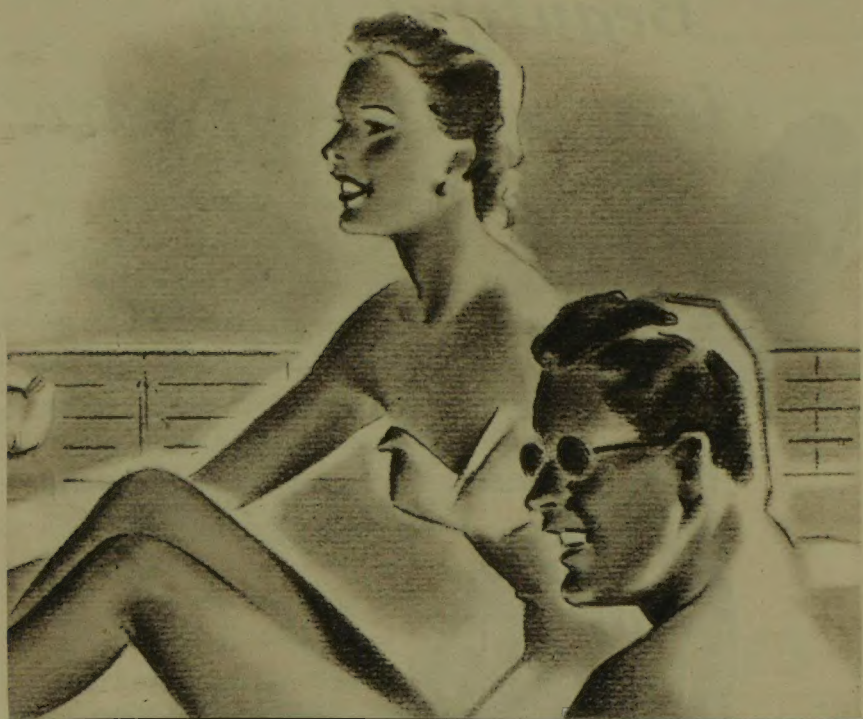
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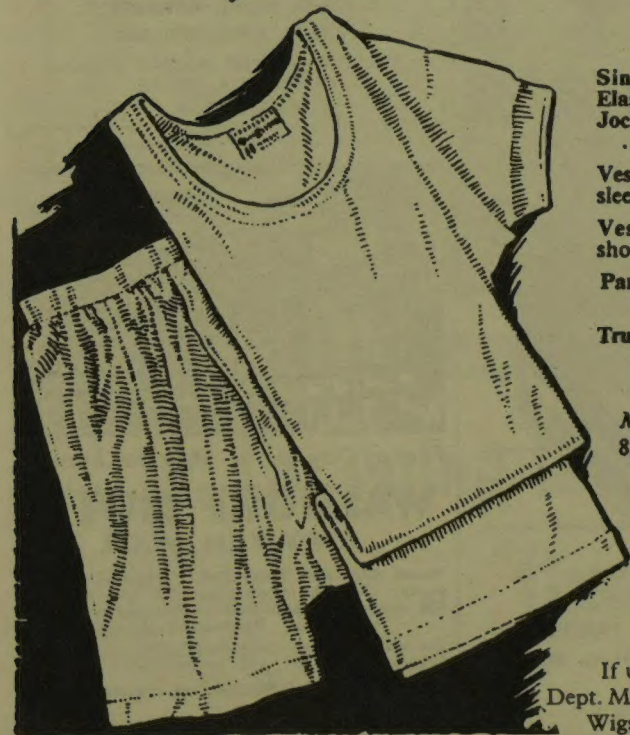
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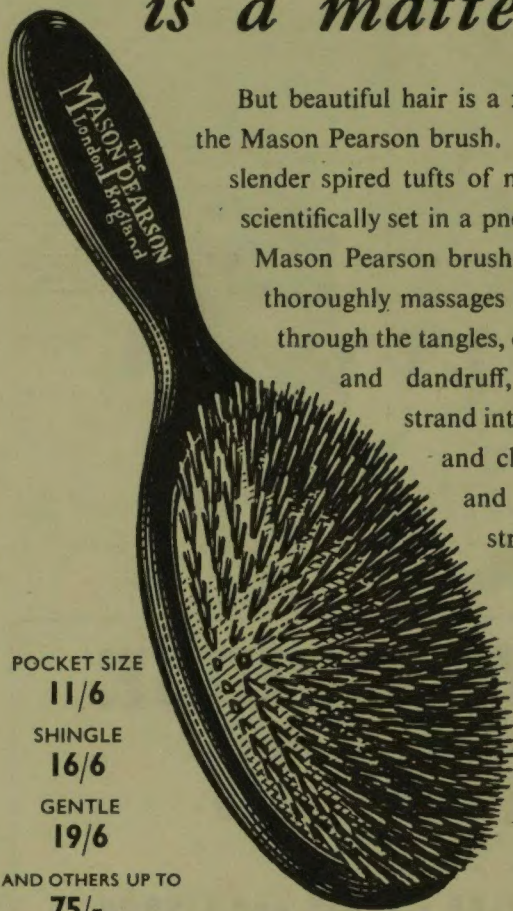
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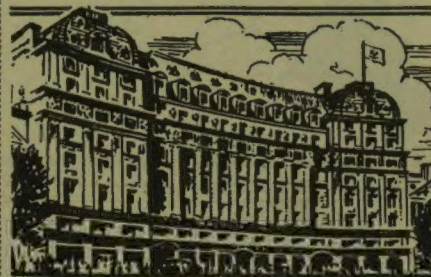
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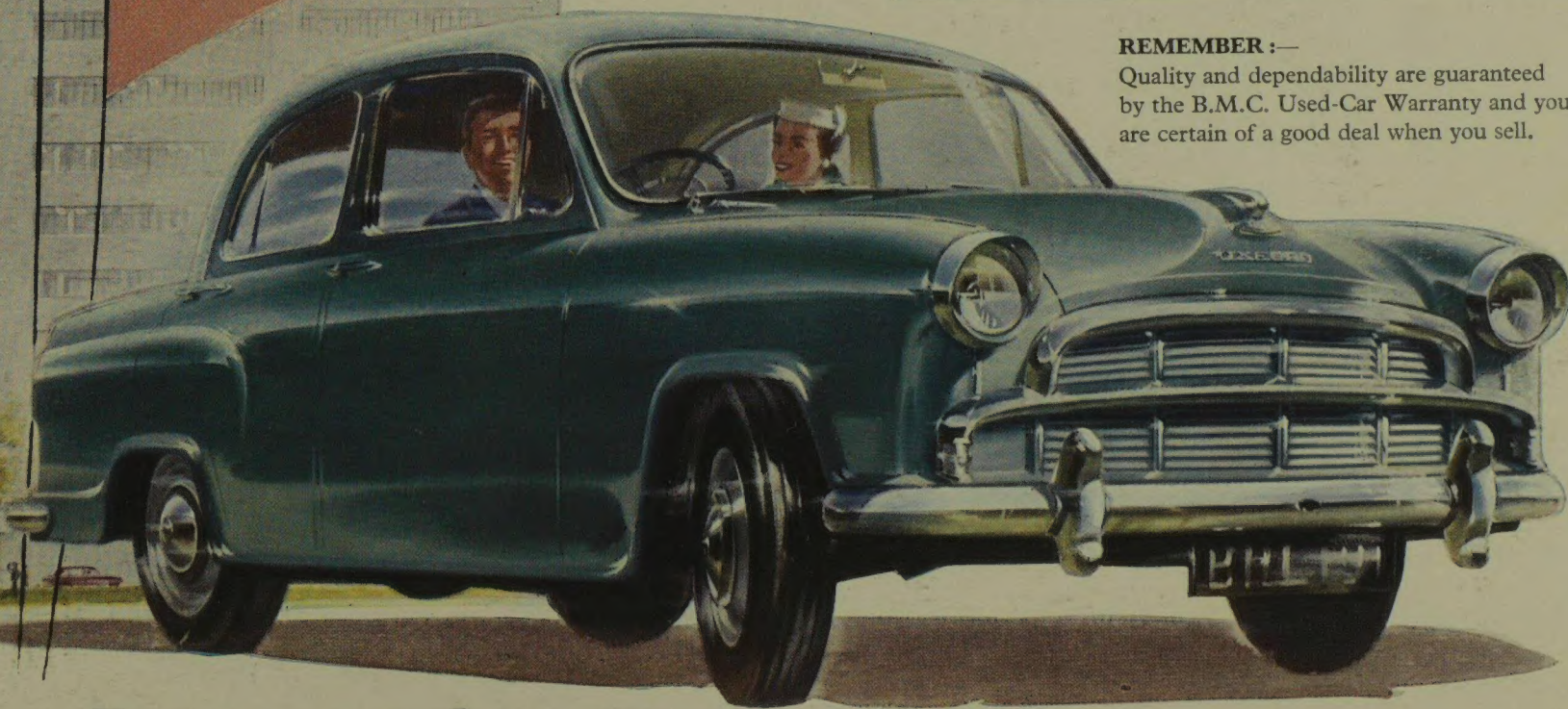
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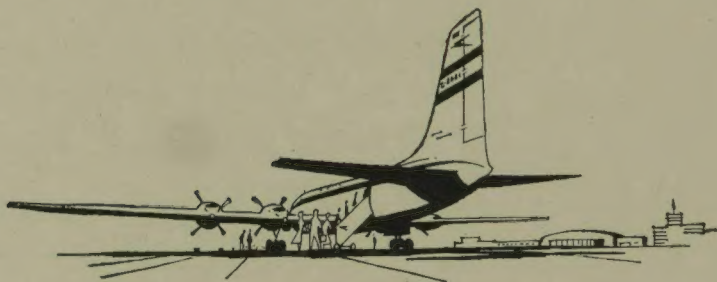
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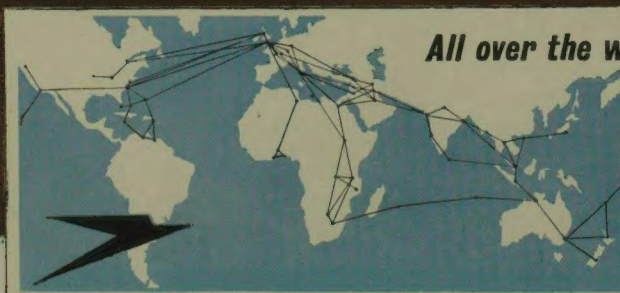
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